The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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THE TWO ROSES.

Two roses once in my garden grew;
The one was brilliant and rich of hue;
Proud of her beauty and perfume rare,
She spread her sweets to each passing air;
The other, timid and chaste of mind,
Shrank from the kiss of the fickle wind;
Proud in the pride of her virtue meek,
She veiled the blush on her modest cheek.

Dazed with the glare of her gaudy bloom,
Drunk with the breath of her rich perfume,
I tended the one with ceaseless care;
I marked the growth of each beauty rare,
And dreamed that all on some future day
Would own the power of her peerless sway.

At length my flower, that I loved the best,
I sought to take and wear on my breast,
That won from her parent stem to part,
She might rest awhile on my loving heart.
But flown was lure of her witching spell,
As fluttering to earth her petals fell;
Her heart was rotten and dead at the core—
And I knew that my foolish dream was o'er.

I saw how poor the full-blown blaze
That had charmed my senses and won my praise;
And I thought at last of the timid flower
Which had pined unheeded for cooling shower,
But drought unslaked had her life-spring dried;
So, fading and faded, she drooped and died.

I saw too now, with awakening eyes,
How near I had been to my longed-for prize;
One half of the care I had spent in vain—
Care that had brought me but grief and pain—
If spent on the rose that had pined away,
Would have reared a flower so chastely gay,
That the joy of its countless charms untold
My care had repaid a thousand fold.

Ah! how oft in the toil and strife,
The chances and changes which we call life,
By slight and neglect in time of need,
We kill the flower, and we rear the weed;
Then we see it, and know too late,
We blame not ourselves, but curse our fate,
For no solace have we on which to lean,
When we know what we long for might have been.

—*Chambers Journal.*

"JUST SO."

I hated Aunt Margery's parrot. Its screaming, croaking voice, its gurgling asides crooned as it sat on its perch, stirred up something in me evil and vindictive. Perhaps I had no natural inclination to pets.

Often when I had been over-wearied at the old farm-house, the sight of mother's hens scratching for a living had irritated me with a sense of overwork. But they at least came honestly by their living. I respected them; but this pampered, over-fed thing made my flesh crawl as it clung ogling to its perch, or dropped lazily down to pick up a bit of cracker, nibbling thereat with an uncanny chatter.

No; I did not like pets. Aunt Margery did. This ugly foreign favorite had absorbed all her affections, I thought to myself bitterly, as I watched it that morning. She caressed the creature; she spoke to it endearingly; but for her own kith and kin she had nothing but everlasting fault-finding and ceaseless exactions.

A few tears dropped down upon my hands as I sat there. The parrot, blinking down upon me, drew up one skinny claw, scratched its emerald head, and screamed, "Just so!"—a pet phrase which served it to express the most subtle meanings, apparently, and with which it seemed to jeer at my emotion.

This was the third morning I had waited for Dick—poor Dick, light-hearted, high-spirited Dick!—who had taken up his cap and left after his last word-battle with Aunt Margery.

This blow had taken the sunshine too utterly out of my life, and there, as I sat at the window, I mentally shook my fist at this gibbering thing, so sheltered and favored while he was adrift—where? What would become of Dick? oh, what would become of Dick?

The lad had always had some business in the city that sat lightly upon him, coming and going at his leisure; but now for three whole days his face had not lightened the gloomy house. The longing to know of his welfare, the yearning to see him, had grown intense and intolerable.

And now, rendered irritable and distraught by my anxiety, I had quarreled with Aunt Margery myself—I, to whom her invalid state had hitherto excused so much, who had been her patient nurse so long, and her acknowledged peace-maker between herself and the outspoken, impolite Dick.

I had fallen from my high estate; I was an outcast from favor—not worth so much in Aunt Margery's eyes as this leering old parrot.

Well, I need sacrifice myself no longer. I was free to go away. Oh, how useless, how mean and degrading, seemed all that I had submitted to and suffered! It could benefit Dick no more, and, in his absence, dropped its splendid apparel of self-sacrifice, and revealed itself a beggarly and sordid tameness of spirit.

Outside of this narrow groove where I had grubbed and vegetated there was a thrilling, splendid reality of existence. A sort of winged feeling took possession of me as I contemplated the possibilities of the future.

The parrot put up his elfin claw, blinked at me from the corner of his eye, and cried, "Just so!" as he flopped back into his open cage.

From the window where that cage hung I could see the glowing gardens and pleasant lawns stretching below, and in the wistful hazy distance the city seemed to shadow through—the bright busy city, where every one was astir and at work. Dick was there, too, somewhere. Dick did "business" easily and irresponsibly as a bird.

Why should not I do business? I began to take account of stock—to make a mental estimate of myself. It is surprising, in this commercial valuation of one's self, how percentages shrink. A little hazy knowledge of history, a little nebulous acquaintance with general literature, a light touch upon the piano—all these things look painfully threadbare on examination, like stage properties seen by daylight, I could not settle upon any specialty in which I was pre-eminent. I must leave my future to fate, and I did so with the delightful insouicance of youth.

So the early dawn found me at the garden gate, face to face with the kindling morning, the garden quiet and odorous. I felt a sort of sinking at the heart not quite in accordance with my enterprise. But the bustle about the depot, and all the sights and sounds of travel, speedily dispelled my grief, and once in the cars, my spirits rose to the occasion.

Oh, I would do something, be something yet! and I nibbled a bit of cake, by way of breakfast, care-free and happy and confident.

The city was quite inspiring as I entered it—so delightfully active and bustling that it took my breath. People were coming and going purposeful and businessful; everybody seemed to have his eye on some goal ahead to be reached in a given time.

I only walked leisurely along, enjoying the scene, and wondering to myself if I should know Dick should I meet him in the whirlpool, or would he know me.

All these faces were strangers' faces. Of all these people not one had any interest for me. The gay scene dimmed for a moment, and for a moment I felt the chill of isolation, as the crowd swept by. I wondered was Dick as lonely, as wistful, as I.

The question was answered by a sudden heart-thrill, for there, lusty and ruddy, stood Dick before me.

I fear I clasped his hand with unnecessary fervor as I said:

"Oh, Dick, where did you come from?"

"Where did you come from?" responded Dick, sharply.

"I— Well, Richard, I can't stand Aunt Margery any longer—I can't! no, and I've left, Richard."

"Left!" echoed Dick, thrusting his hat back from his forehead, and plunging his two hands deep down in his trousers pockets. There was none of that cheery jingle of small change in them with which Dick was wont to playfully salute my ears. This silence was ominous.

"Where to go to?" added Dick, after a long, portentous pause.

"Going to look for business."

"Ah!"

"Dick, how you talk! Put your hat on straight, and walk along. Everybody's looking at us."

"My dear," says Dick, facetiously, and laughing now and showing his white teeth, "that remark of mine to which you take exception was prompted by the fact that I'm out of a job myself. Suppose I was in a quarrelsome mood after leaving the old lady's, for when Lawyer Gudge set upon me about neglecting the correspondence, copying, and the like slavish business, I turned upon the old brute, and we had a blow-up. I'm out on the world, dear, with a capital of twenty-five cents to begin on."

For two homeless waifs that sum was not extensive. I took my purse out of my pocket, never a heavy one at any time; but now—O fate! O evil, careless fate!—a hole revealed itself in the silken tissue, through which had slipped noiselessly a nursling of a gold piece which I had cherished there, wrapped in a bit of paper, for a whole twelvemonth.

I looked in my friend's face blankly. I was no princess, it seemed, coming to his rescue with golden gifts, but an added weight about his neck.

"Dick," I faltered, meekly, "I'm intending to work for a living."

"Of course," was the answer. "Might I inquire what at?"

"You know I can do 'most any thing, Dick."

"Jenny, child," said my companion, looking down upon me benignantly, and stopping short in his walk (Dick always awed me when he assumed this elder-brother aspect)—"Jenny, child, it's a hard-driven sort of a world you've put your tiny self into—a place where it's a very hard matter to get a footing, and where, if your foot slips, you're sure to be carried out into deep water."

Dick's face darkened as he looked at the tide of people.

"Whatever's a fellow to do?"

Winding up his discourse thus abruptly, my friend pulled his hat down over his eyes, and glowered from under it like a highwayman.

I listened to this talk of Dick's, humiliated and ill at ease. Was I, then, a mere aimless waif—a mere bit of drift-wood afloat in this human torrent? Even Aunt Margery's chafing and chiding were better than this nothingness.

I began to feel very weary. A remembrance of my quiet room and of the blossoming apple bough that hung over the window came to me vision-like.

"Dick," said I, abruptly, "I'm going back."

"All right, little one," patting me patronizingly on the shoulder; "the very best thing you can do."

"Not to stay, Dick," said I, vexed at the alacrity with which he accepted the proposition. "No; I have an idea in my head."

"Look so," responded Dick, sententiously.

"Dick, listen to me"—authoritatively. "I shall sleep at Nurse Catterby's to-night, and if you meet me there I'll have something to help you"

"My darling!" cried Dick: but I repelled this later exhibition of affection.

"Put me in the cars, my friend; I'm hungry, you know, but there's no time to lose."

In my feminine fertility of resource I felt myself infinitely superior to this helpless, good-hearted lump of a Dick, and I nodded my head to him gayly at parting, without thought of failure.

In my room at Aunt Margery's there hung a grand old-fashioned time-keeper with a gold coin attached to its heavy chain, and a big seal wherein glowed a ruby. Secretly I regarded this as my own, for it had once been my mother's, an heir-loom of the family, the source of endless disputes, as I had heard, between the grasping elder sister and the younger.

My mother was of a high spirit, and finally, in a fit of utter weariness and vexation, flung the watch, with all its glittering appendages, at her sister's feet. Aunt Margery had never returned it—that was not her way—but it had never been wound up since that day, and long after my mother's death it hung silent and shining in the room devoted to my use—perhaps a superstitious offering to the vexed spirit of the departed.

I had determined to go back without being seen, if possible, and get this watch, appropriating it, as I felt sure my mother would approve, to aid myself and my friend in our sore need.

The ride seemed a long one; the road wound about in a manner I had never observed before, with a persistent dodging at the end, that gave me ample time for revolving ways and means for carrying out my scheme, till finally the moon shone out on the last evolution; and leaving the cars I trudged on afoot until the sentinel poplars guarding Aunt Margery's gate with their long black shadows came in view.

It was with a beating heart, notwithstanding my bravery, that I took the key of the side door from my pocket, and entered the familiar domicile at night-fall like a shadow.

It was easy enough to obtain access to the inner part of the house from here, for most of the doors were carelessly latched, and I was not likely to meet any servant at this time in the evening. I remembered a certain wide window-sill in the hall, groping toward which I sat down to rest myself, with a curiously scared and hunted feeling, which had not entered into my calculations when I planned this audacious expedition. Then, removing my shoes, I slipped softly through the long, deserted passageway to my own room. The door opened with a treacherous creak that seemed bent to betray me. It appeared an age before I was fairly within.

This was my own pretty, pleasant little room, the shelter where I had so often betaken myself from Aunt Margery's rasping voice and incessant fault-finding—where I had dreamed day-dreams and revelled in mightly visions. This cherished and familiar little nook had chilled to me in one day's absence. It had given possession to a horde of shadows that, mocking and gesticulating, flitted to and fro in the uncertain light. Perhaps the breeze-blown branches of the elm outside played me this trick; but it confused me strangely, and rendered my search for the watch a long one, till it seemed as if some tricksome self had filched it to distress me. At length, however, my hands touched and grasped the treasure; the heavy chain glided with snaky coolness through my fingers, and I thrilled from head to foot with a new and strange sensation. For at that very moment I heard the door shut with a snap. This noise in itself was not startling; no one was likely to hear it save myself; but it announced that I was trapped, a prisoner, snared in my own net; for the door closed with a spring, and I had left the key on the outside.

I put my two hands to my head and thought desperately for a moment. There was no possible egress now except through Aunt Margery's room, with which mine was connected by a narrow passage. How could I hope to pass through without waking her? For just one instant I felt like despair. How was I to help Dick now? It must be done, however. I gathered up my courage; I remembered the indignities I had borne, the needs of my friend, the absolute rightfulness of what I was doing, and, strong in resolution glided across the hall—silently, slowly, lest the ghost of a foot-fall should rouse the vigilant sleepers within. There was something dreadful in this, after all. This strange advent among familiar things that look on the intruder with sinister eyes is not a desirable experience. True, I was on a mission of mercy; but this fact failed to support me as I stood poised on my aunt's door sill. A weak-minded doubtfulness creeping in for a moment paralyzed my activity. This bauble had been in Aunt Margery's possession for years. Was it mine? was it hers? The "sacred rights of property" I had heard talked of so often: were my mother's sacred, or my aunt's? Ah! what would become of all the property in the world if rightfully divided? Would then Dick go out starving and houseless from Aunt Margery's surplus of luxury? Dangerous speculations, but brief. I swept them all aside like cobwebs. Never should I desert Dick in his time of need. Stepping on tiptoe in my unshod feet, I essayed to convoy my beating heart as far as possible from the high old-fashioned bedstead. It almost seemed Aunt Margery might hear it in her sleep. The low night lamp sent a thin thread of light across the floor; it rested on the heavy drapery festooned to the ceiling, which gave this couch an awful dignity in my old childish days. And there, just opposite it, I stood transfixed. There lay Aunt Margery, with eyes wide open, looking out at me. I returned the gaze steadily, frozenly. I know not how long we might have regarded each other thus, but the parrot, in his covered cage within, croaked uneasily. Aunt Margery turned sleepily on her pillow. "You are late, Jenny," she said querulously. "What kept you so, child? Hand me the camphor yonder, my head aches dreadfully."

I handed the camphor silently, and of habit proceeded to bathe her hands and forehead as usual, and then came the usual innumerable orders. A little warm water from the bath room, and a little mixture from the medicine chest. Her pillows needed adjusting, her lamp needed trimming, and thus was I chained to her side a prisoner, with that doubtful time-piece in my pocket, and my brain dizzy with schemes for escape. Oh, what would Dick think of me, recreant that I was in his time of trial?—poor Dick, watching vainly all this time at Kate Catterby's cabin, or wandering on the road, mayhap, all the long nightfall, meditating on the faithlessness of woman; then in the morning, discouraged and hopeless, he would drift away somewhere out of my reach. I hardly dared think of this contingency. To let go my hold on Dick was to give up my hold on life. Utterly exhausted with the long watching, I fell asleep at last, the heavy sleep of youth and weariness.

I was aroused from this dreamless slumber by a sudden loud crash, a rapping and tearing at the window.

Aunt Margery started up aghast. "Robbers!" she exclaimed, clutching my arm. But there never could have been so bungling a robber as this. I stood up and faced the intruder with wide-staring eyes.

"All right!" said a loud, cheery voice. "The confounded sash!" And there stood Dick.

"Why, bless my heart, auntie, I beg your pardon. But, Jenny girl, I've been walking the road till I couldn't stand it any longer. Thought you'd been robbed, or waylaid, or something—"

Propped up on her elbow among the pillows, Aunt Margery looked out majestically and interrupted this tirade.

"Richard," said she, "are you a fool?"

"Couldn't exactly state to-night auntie. Haven't time to analyze. I only came to look after Jenny. She's all right, it seems, so I'll bid you good-night."

"Dick," said the invalid, shaking her long forefinger at him authoritatively, "you'll stay just where you are. I can't do without Jenny I find; she can't do without you, it appears."

"Of course not," said Dick, deliberately taking a chair. "I always was an appendage of Jnny's you know, and shall be for the rest of my natural life, I'm afraid."

"Just so!" screamed the parrot, one bright sunny morning, as I stepped down stairs in a floating bridal veil, and with my mother's watch in my girdle, Aunt Margery's wedding gift. Dick was waiting for me below, with beaming face and arms outstretched.

—Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon and artist, will probably be brought forward as a candidate for the University of London at the next election. If he stands, it will be at the special instance of the medical profession and as representative of their claims.

STANLEY THE EXPLORER.

A LOVE STORY RUNNING FROM NEW YORK THROUGH THE HEART OF AFRICA.

The New York *Graphic* says:—

There are few men to whom life should apparently be so pleasant as Mr. Henry Stanley; there are fewer, however, to whom it seems to be so bitter. All English is ready to do him honor; he has been overwelmed with praise and congratulation; the Queen has received him, Parliament has thanked him; the two great journals for which he has made his explorations have amply rewarded him. But he is sullen, morose, discontented and savage.

Mr. Stanley has had a romance; it ended unhappily for him, and this has soured him to the heart. Before he went upon his second expedition to Africa, he met and fell madly in love with the charming daughter of a wealthy citizen of Jewish extraction, whose name is perhaps best known in connection with the erection of an extensive but unfortunate opera house. Mr. Stanley's passion was deep and violent, but he was told that he must wait, and that an immediate marriage was out of the question. He was anxious to win even greater fame and misfortune and lay them at the feet of his beloved.

It was at this moment that the second African expedition was proposed to him; in it he saw the coveted opportunity for distinction and reward, and he eagerly embraced the perilous commission.

Throughout the whole of that terrible journey through the jungles of Africa, amid all his toils, dangers, sickness, and disappointments, he was sustained by the thought of his love, and by the confident hope of receiving the reward which was dearer to him than the applause of the world or the riches of Golconda. He gave the name of the young lady to the most beautiful lake which he discovered, as he gave it afterward to the handsome boat in which he made a part of his exploration—the Lady Alice. At length the source of the Congo was found; the great deed was accomplished; and Stanley returned with a proud and happy heart to the coast. At Zanzibar a packet of letters was awaiting him, and he hastened to open them, hoping to find some message of love and affection from the mistress of his soul. A fatal blow struck him. One of the letters contained the intelligence that Miss Alice —had been married several months.

From that moment Stanley was a changed man. His delight in life was wholly lost. His natural good humor and buoyancy of spirit gave place to long fits of melancholy, alternated with violent outbursts of petulance and anger.

This, however, was Mr. Stanley's second love affair. He had experienced a previous disappointment, but it had not deeply wounded him. Chancing to be on the island of Crete, he saw from his window a Greek maiden in the garden of the opposite house, and at once felt that his fate was sealed. She was about fifteen years old, and Mr. Stanley has since declared that never before nor since has he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. He at once sought out the American Consul and revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who had himself married a Greek lady, bade him not despair; took him forthwith to the house of his inamorata and presented him to her mother, who was a widow. Stanley could speak no Greek; the mother no English; the Consul was the interpreter. He did his work so well that at the end of an hour the maiden was sent for. Stanley was forbidden even to touch her hand; but he conversed with her with his eyes, and they soon understood each other well. At the end of a week he was an excepted lover. At the end of a fortnight the day for the wedding arrived. All this while he had seen the young lady once a day, always in the presence of her mother. On the day before the wedding he had been permitted for the first time to take her hand and to imprint upon it a chaste salute.

The morning of the wedding arrived; Stanley was dressed for the ceremony and was awaiting the happy moment. There entered to him three Greeks, whom he had not seen before, and an interpreter. They were introduced as the brothers of the bride, and they produced a parchment which the intrepreter explained. It was a deed of settlement, binding Stanley to pay so much a year to the mother, so much to each brother, and so much to his wife, and to plank down the first instalments on the spot. In vain Stanley explained that he was worth nothing and could not pay; the brothers looked daggers, the interpreter frowned, and the scene closed by the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty got Stanley out of the clutches of his tormentors and shipped him off to Athens. He did not see his beautiful Greecian maiden again.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

THE PROCESS OF MAKING THEM — AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION.

The process of making postage stamps for the government, as seen at an establishment in New York city, is thus described by a recent visitor. After the paper is "wet down," as the printers say — every hundred sheets being counted, and the number marked by a projecting tag—it is taken up to the printers. Each sheet is of the right size for making 200 stamps, of the ordinary size. Curiously enough, none of the gentlemen of whom I inquired seemed to know what paper mill makes the paper; but it is made especially for the purpose. The printing-room is crowded with hand presses used for printing the stamps; no fewer than eleven presses being in operation. Each press has three persons in attendance—one to "tend press," one to ink the plate, and one — the "printer" — to brush off all the ink (in a wonderfully swift and dextrous way), from the surface as soon as it is put on.

The reason of this, which would otherwise be a piece of self-stultification, is that the stamps are "counter-sunk," or cut in, and the ink is not wanted above them, on the plane surface. It would cost too much and take too long to prepare separate steel-engraved dies for every stamp; so a case-hardened steel die is made, down at the Continental Bank Note Company's, all carefully engraved and cut away to perfection, and then a steel plate softened for the purpose, is by machinery rolled over the die, which leaves its impress every time, until the entire plate is hardened and is ready for use—one for every printing press in the room. These are hand presses, and the cylinder that makes the impression is merely turned by a single whirl of the wheel, obtained by the leverage afforded by the projecting spokes or handles. It is all done in a suprisingly quick way; and there is no "lost motion" of wheel, cylinder or elbows.

The ink varies according to the kind of stamp. Some of the presses are printing the red 2 cent stamps, some the 3 cent green ones, and others different colors. Two-thirds of all the stamps, says the superintendent, are the 3 cent green ones. The "ink," a queer substance in bulk and queerer still when seen on the ink table and roller, is made by the note company, and its secret is theirs. All they know at the printing room is that some kinds have "laundry blue" in them, and that all kinds are made with reference to canceling—to the effect of the dauby canceling-stamp used in the post-office. For the orange-toned 90 cent stamps (these are the highest denominations I saw), and also for one of the vermilion stamps, a peg or two below that, the materials are imported from Europe, and mixed in New York. All the others are wholly made here. The different colored inks are apparently about the consistency of some styles of newspaper ink; but not by all means so sticky. The "printer" who brushes off the plate the moment before it goes into the press, does it all in six swift motions—three with a sort of cloth, and three to (conclude) with his bare hand. The operation, for deftness and celerity, is like one of Heller's, the magician. The ink is rolled over the plate with a roller made of Canton flannel.

The printers are paid by the hundred. Precisely how much they earn I could not find out, but it ought to be good wages, for they "worked like beavers." There is no idling or play in that room —nor anywhere else in this busy establishment. The blank paper, all numbered, is charged to the printers to whom it is delivered, and the plates are also numbered and charged to them. When not in actual use the plates are kept carefully locked up in the safe—a little room in itself.

OVER TWO MILLION STAMPS A DAY.

Each of these eleven presses turns out 1,200 sheets a day, or 7,200 a week. Each sheet contains 200, and as they are delivered to the postmasters only in sheets of 100 it follows that each sheet must be cut right through the middle. This is done by hand. A girl, with a long pair of shears, cuts them as accurately as a ruled line, showing what a good eye and rapid hand can do. There is no room in the crowded sheet for any error, and the girls make none. One girl whom I watched for a while, cut 50 sheets a minute—11,000 a day! It was a silent cut, cut, cut— from morning to night—working as if her life depended upon it. She sits at her work. The girls are all busy at a variety of proeesses in the preparation of the stamps, all of which require a delicacy of touch as well as swiftness, and their wages average $8 a week, or a little over.

From the printing room and the drying room (the latter an insufferably hot place where the sheets are placed in frames on drying racks) they go to the gumming room—which is also a drying room; but not hot—the drying being aided by revolving fans affixed to a shaft, which send their influence through lofty piles of the gummed sheets in frames. The gum used is not gum arabic—that would in drying cause the sheets to curl and crack—but is simply a kind of potato starch. It is made I believe in Providence. A girl swiftly adjusts the edges of a heap of printed sheets so as to slide them all into place while she deftly daubs them at a single stroke with the mucilaginous substance, which she applies with a single motion of a wide brush. This is the substance you lick "tomake it stick" on the letter you drop in the post-office. The sheets are dried in wooden frames.

SMOOTHED AND COUNTED.

After the gumming and drying, the stamps, in sheets, are flattened out and made smooth by being subjected to the persuasive power of a hydraulic press, the force being 450 tons. They are put in thin boards, which divide the several packages. And after they come out they are taken out and counted again by girls seated at tables, who also swiftly adjust them in even heaps while counting. Let one of these damsels make a mistake, even of a single sheet, and she necessarily discovers it on the final footings and adjustments. Then there is a careful going over all these weary piles—thousand of sheets—till that lost sheep is found. If he doesn't turn up then the piles are turned around, and gone through with from the edge on the side, not the opposite edge—and lo, the delinquent is probably found to have got turned under, and so did not report at muster, for the count is done at the edges.

A GALLANT HUNTRESS.

HOW A KANSAS SHEPHERD GIRL DISABLED A CAYOTE AND DISPATCHED HIM.

A correspondent writing from Eureka Kansas, says:

Five miles from this city lives a prosperous farmer named Robert Loy, who is engaged in raising sheep, having a large flock, which range at large over the hills and prairie, where their white forms may be seen dotting the surface and rendering it the beautiful scene which nature with her lavish hand has intended. His "boys are all girls," and one of his daughters, Mary Belle Loy, barely fourteen years of age, is the shepherdess, whose rosy cheeks, sunburnt face and graceful form, as she mounts her pony, who knowswell the soft voice attuned to her avocation, would excite the envy of many city belles, and charm the eye of a connoiseur in search of a sensitive rose to complete the latest work of his easel. Some days since, while looking after her woolly wards she discovered a full-grown wolf of the cayote species, and an uncommonly large one, stealthily approaching the flock, when she put her horse to his speed, and the wolf, feeling that his sanitary condition in that locality was very unsatisfactory, the race and chase commenced, over the hills and prairie, neither showing any indication of fatigue, until finally he was compelled to consider himself "run down." Now came the "tug of war," and any one who has ever seen a cayote at bay snapping and snarling, holding his position against a dozen dogs, can realize her situation as the aggressor. Nothing daunted, however, she unbuckled her bridle rein, and with the ring at the end, and this only, made good her position, and, without alighting from her saddle, she had soon disabled her foe, saved her lambs, and deprived him of at least one toothsome morsel. Then she started out for the nearest neighbor to the battle ground, nearly two miles distant, for assistance, but found no one at home who could assist her save another girl, who mounted another pony, and, armed only with a dull knife, these two young girls were soon galloping over the prairie to save the scalp for which the county pays a "royalty" when presented to the proper officer. When they returned the principal of this Red Riding Hood escapade had partially recovered from the effects of the "late unpleasantness," and was moving off. At this juncture he was again invited to remain, while one girl threw him down and .he other proceeded to administer Western justice by searching for his jugular vein with the knife. Such instances of feminine bravery as this are rarely met with, even on the frontier, and when a young girl performs such an act as this it is certainly worthy of commendation, as it was regarded as only a simple duty by her, and as a protection due to the flock of mutton and beauty she had cared for so zealously.

CATCHING LIONS.

HOW FIVE WERE CAPTURED FOR A PARIS THEATRE.

A correspondent writing from Paris says.

Macomo, a large, powerful negro of Central Africa, had been informed of the nightly presence of a lion in his neighborhood. He lost no time in arming himself with a long cutlass, and, dragging a young ox after him, arrived at the appointed place. At the usual hour his majesty appeared. The moon was at its full and the strange trio saw one another as in broad day.

The lion gave utterance to a deep, significant growl, looked from the man to the ox and flourished his great tail. Macomo remained perfectly quiet for an instant, then suddenly plunging his cutlass into the ox, he raised him in his vigorous arms and threw him at the lion's feet. The wild beast made a bound, sprang upon the bleeding body, caressing it for a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then, giving expression to stifled growls of joy, he drank the blood and crushed the bones. And Macomo—what was he doing all this time? Seated quietly a few steps from his guest, he opened a little sack from which he took a bit of corn-bread and dry figs, and began his own frugal repast.

When his hunger began to be satisfied the lion raised his head and looked at the man. Their eyes met. Those of the lion were filled with surprise. Those of the man were calm and smiling. The lion returned to his supper. When he was completely satisfied he rose. Macomo did likewise. The lion made three or four steps toward Macomo, who remained motionless, and looking once more at his ox, which was but partially devoured, his eyes seemed to say: "This belongs to me." Macomo bowed. A last glance, friendly this time, and the lion quietly went his way, leaving Macomo to return to his home.

On the following evening, at the same hour, the African returned to the place of meeting, where the half-devoured carcass still lay, and shortly afterward the lion made his appearance, but not alone this time. As the hunter had foreseen, he came accompanied by family and friends. They were four in number—two lions, a lioness and lion's whelps.

The repast was served, but not as on the previous evening, in the open air. Macomo had built an arbor, covered with vines, banana and palm leaves, and into this pretty dining-room his guest entered fearlessly. Then crawling noiselessly within reach of a hidden spring, Macomo touched it, and his four lions suddenly found themselves imprisoned in a strong iron cage, whose bars had been hidden beneath green leaves. Friends were near at hand to aid in removing the four lions upon a cart, and they were about to commence their work when they perceived a new lioness, crouched down upon the sand licking her whelps between the iron bars. When the men raised the cage upon the cart she looked at them beseechingly, and when they all marched on she followed at a short distance with drooping head and tearful eyes And thus it is that we have five lions instead of four at the Theatre Porte Saint Martin, five terrible, ferocious beasts, ready to revolt at any moment, and, although Macomo enters their cage and dominates them to a certain extent, they have not forgiven him for taking advantage of their confidence in him, and would ask nothing better than to treat him as Lucas was treated by his seven lions in the last days of the old Hippodrome—simply tear him to pieces.

—Upward of 494,391 persons were employed in English coal mines in 1877, 30,141 less than in 1876, and 1,208, or 1 in 400, died by accident.

Varieties.

—A scientist says angle worms do not suffer when put on the hook.

—It is said that an eucalyptus in the bed will rid it of mosquitos.

—Generating steam power by the rays of the sun has been successfully tried in India.

—Character gives splendors to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.

—Ennui is a malady for which the only remedy is work; pleasure is only a palliation.

—Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

—Often the shabbiest wallet contains the most money. Never judge a man by the shine on his coat.

—Patience is genius. Patience is power. With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin.

—Heavy clouds often bring softening and fructifying showers, when light ones are empty and pass over.

—When men grow virtuous in their old age they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

—Look well into thyself; there is a source which will always spring up if thou wilt always search there.

—If at any time you are pressed to do a thing hastily, be careful; fraud and deceit are always in haste; diffidence is the right eye of prudence.

—James Lambert, the brave Scotchman—Charles Reade's "Hero and Martyr"—died in Glasgow a short time ago.

—Between novels and books of devotion is this difference; that more read the former than buy them, and more buy the latter than read them.

—No man should be punished for his crimes who was trained to crime from his childhood. As well blame the young jockey for his bowlegs.

—There is no merit where there is no trial; and, till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.

—Sorrows gather around souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plains beneath them.

—Alas! if the principles are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

—In a recent trial in England it came out that economical band-leaders were in the habit of imposing "dummy violins" upon the managers whom they had contracted to furnish with musicians at so much a head. The dummy violin is played with a greased bow by a man who knows nothing of music, and renders no audible sound.

—An extremely simple method of testing the genuineness of diamonds is given in a letter to the London *Times*: If the specimen is immersed in water, should it be a diamond it will sparkle with almost undiminished light and brilliancy of color; but if it be spurious, whether paste or rock crystal, the "fire" of the jewel will be completely quenched.

—Edelweiss, the precious Alpine blossom, for which every tourist in Switzerland strains his eyes and sprains his knees, is not so sensitive a plant but that it can be transplanted to England and forced to bloom. In 1876 a young lady carried a plant from the Rigi to the island and confided it to a gardener in Cranford, who has succeeded in making it bloom this spring.

—In a Pennsylvania town an owl took possession of a box in which a pair of martins were building their nest, and, when they returned at night, would not let them enter. The martins flew away and soon returned with a whole army of companions, who went to work and plastered the entrance to the box tightly with mud. When the box was opened, a few days later, the owl was found dead.

—When Waterloo bridge was built over the Thames, sixty years ago, the masonry was taken only two feet below the bed of the river, and started on piles. The river is now eight feet deeper than it was then, and the wooden crutches appear to have suffered from undermining, and are now considered unequal to support the superstructure above. The engineers recommend that the wooden pier be fenced round with wrought iron caissons filled with concrete till the whole is a solid mass, which, it is stated, will render the bridge perfectly safe.

—There died a few days ago at Hartford, Conn., a man of some means but clouded intellect, who for the last thirty years had done nothing—his considerable means allowing him to live in leisure—but walk up and down the streets, removing carefully from the sidewalks all stray pieces of orange peel and banana skin. In early life his lady love broke her leg by slipping on a piece of orange peel, and eventually died from the effects of the accident. This affected his mind and led to his unselfish occupation for the rest of his life. There is a field in Cleveland for some one with a similar life-purpose.

—Some years ago, Sir John Herschel made the following calculation: "For the benefit of those who discuss the subjects of population, war, pestilence, famine, &c., it may be as well to mention that the number of human beings living at the end of the 100th generation, commencing with a single pair, doubling it at each generation (say in thirty years), and allowing for each man, woman and child an average space of four feet in height and one foot square, would form a vertical column, having for its base the whole surface of the earth and sea spread out into a plane, and for its height 3,674 times the sun's distance from the earth." The column of human strata thus piled one on the other would amount to 460,790,000,000,000.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1878.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to this office, by *note* or *account*, would confer a special favor by calling and settling, as we need money.

CLUBS.—We will club the *Press* and the *Carolina Farmer*, published in Wilmington, for $2 75 a year; or $1 50 for six months.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

STATE TICKET.

Democratic Judicial Nominations.

FOR CHIEF JUSTICE SUPREME COURT.
WILLIAM N. H. SMITH,
of Wake.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGES SUPREME COURT.
THOMAS S. ASHE,
of Anson.
JOHN H. DILLARD,
of Guilford.

FOR JUDGE, SEVENTH DISTRICT,
JESSE F. GRAVES,
of Surry.

FOR JUDGE, EIGHTH DISTRICT,
ALPHONSO C. AVERY,
of Burke.

FOR JUDGE, NINTH DISTRICT,
JAMES C. L. GUDGER,
of Haywood.

ELECTION, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1ST.

District Judicial Nominations.

FOR SOLICITOR, THIRD DISTRICT,
SWIFT GALLOWAY,
of Greene.

FOR SOLICITOR, FOURTH DISTRICT,
JAMES D. McIVER,
of Moore.

FOR SOLICITOR, FIFTH DISTRICT,
FRED. N. STRUDWICK,
of Orange.

FOR SOLICITOR, SIXTH DISTRICT,
W. J. MONTGOMERY,
of Cabarrus.

FOR SOLICITOR, SEVENTH DISTRICT,
JOSEPH DOBSON,
of Surry.

FOR SOLICITOR, EIGHTH DISTRICT,
J. S. ADAMS,
of Mitchell.

FOR SOLICITOR, NINTH DISTRICT,
GARLAND S. FERGUSON,
of Haywood.

COUNTY TICKET.

FOR THE SENATE:
DR. WM. A. LASH,
of Stokes.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:
THOMAS J. VALENTINE.

SHERIFF:
JOHN G. HILL.

REGISTER OF DEEDS:
D. P. MAST.

COUNTY TREASURER:
CHARLES J. OGBURN.

COUNTY SURVEYOR:
M. H. MORRIS,

CORONER:
HENRY A. HOLDER.

The above ticket is well worthy of the support of all the citizens of the county. The candidates are men well known to the people, and should receive the undivided support of the Conservative-Democratic party. Below we publish the appointments of the candidates:

COUNTY CANVASS.—The candidates for the Legislature and County offices will speak at the following times and places:

Widow Clinard's,	Thurs. July 18th.
John Robinson's,	Friday, July 19th.
Kernersville,	Saturday, July 20th.
Crim's X Roads	Monday, July 22d.
W. H. Haizlip's,	Tuesday, July 23d.
Bitting's Store,	Wednesday, July 24th.
Old Richmond,	Thursday, July 25th.
Vienna,	Friday, July 26th.
Old town,	Saturday, July 27th.
Lewisville,	Monday, July 29th.
Benj. Hampton's	Tuesday, July 30th.
Winston,	Wednesday, July 31st.

All citizens are invited to attend.

Yellow Fever is in New York,—there being some eight cases in the quarrantin hospital, brought from Havana,

Daniel R. Goodloe, of Warrenton, has been appointed supervisor of United States Revenue for North Carolina.

Mrs. Martha Waugh, of Ashe county, says her bean vines were frozen and the business end killed on the night of the 22nd of June ult.

WE have received from the Department of Agriculture the monthly crop report for June, notice of which will be given next week.

N. C. RAILROAD.—The meeting of the Stockholders of the N. C. Railroad Company met at Hillsboro, on the 11th. The old Board of Directors on part of the State were announced—Col. Thomas M. Holt, H. W. Fries, M. L. Holmes and Dr. R. B. Haywood, were elected Directors on part of the private stockholders.

A THIRD PARTY.—Gentlemen of the Democratic party have called to enquire what use there is in a third party, when the candidates on the Democratic ticket are all in favor of as many greenbacks as they can honestly get, are opposed to heavy taxes, and all manner of fraud and corruption in the Revenue department or elsewhere. Democrats would do well to stick to the regular ticket, give their united support to the nominees of regular conventions, (where no undue haste influenced their call,) as *dividing to conquer* is rather a novel idea! In order that our readers may know what others think of the present *National and Independent* movements, we clip the following from the Greensboro *Patriot*:

DIVIDE AND CONQUER.—This is the policy adopted by the wirepullers of the Radical party in sections where their weakness prevents them from making an open contest. It is an old game and singular that it should deceive anybody. But people, very well-meaning people too, will sometimes fall into the trap.

We don't think we ever heard of as many "independent" candidates talked of in this State as at the present time.—They are not confined to either party, the difference being, however, that the Republican independents are playing the parts assigned them, and are running in pursuance to the plans of their managers, while the Democratic independents are "going it alone" and running in opposition to the wishes of their own party and the earnest remonstrances of some of their best friends.

The impression seems to have gone abroad that the radical party in this State is a defunct institution, and that consequently there is not much danger in these little family squabbles amongst ourselves. But there *is* danger; more than unreflecting people think there is, and they will discover it before long if this disregard to party organization continues. With a united Conservative party, republicanism is practically dead, but with a wrangling Conservative party it will prove an astonishingly lively corpse. The wounded opossum plays dead to deceive its enemies and the Radical party is good in the 'possum line.

A *Herald* Columbus (O.) special says that Senator Thurmrn stated that the Democratic party was never in a better condition for a contest this fall. Their record in Congress had been excellent. They had done much work, and of that character which must be acceptable to the people. They had strengthened their claims upon the people's support by the passage of the silver bill, and by stopping the contraction of greenbacks, which was in effect the same as the repeal of the resumption act, and decreased the expenses of the government. He was satisfied that the Potter investigation would do the Democratic party a great deal of good, as long as Hayes' title is not assailed

THE AMERICAN FARMER for July has been received. It has some well considered articles on fertilizers, and on the cultivation of wheat and tobacco and the assorting of the latter; and also valuable contributions on the dairy, live stock, poultry, grapes and garden products. There are also some valuable domestic recipes and paragraphs on home affairs. Price of the Farmer $1 50 a year; or five copies for $5. Address Sam'l Sands & Son, Baltimore.

Foreign News.

Russia has retreated on all points from the haughty attitude she had assumed after the treaty of San Stefano, whereas for England the present Congress may be considered a success not less important than the Crimean campaign, as it has been achieved without the slightest expense of life or money. What are, indeed, the ultimate results of a war which has cost Russia hundreds of thousands of lives and nearly all her financial resources? For the losses of that war Russia receives no compensation worth speaking of. The plan of a money indemnity seems to be entirely abandoned, and as to Kars and Batoum, the cession of these places loses nearly all its importance for Russia in consequence of the retention of Bajazid by the Turks and of the condition imposed on Russia to dismantle the fortifications of Batoum and not to use the harbor of that town as a military port. The cession of Cyprus to England is a threat against Russia and involves a humiliation which might seem hard after a defeat, but which must be unbearable for the nation's pride after a victory. Even the direct and disinterested purpose of the war, put forward by the Russian Government—namely, the entire independence of the Slavonic Christians—can scarcely be considered to be secured by the decisions of the Congress. For if a relative independence, under the rule of a Roumanian Prince, is awarded to Northern Bulgaria, the Slavonians of Roumelia will still remain as heretofore under the direct dominion of Turkey and subjected to all the blessings of Turkish "reforms." In view of this miserable result of a hard struggle we cannot wonder that a great and just indignation prevails among the Russian people, which feels that it is not responsible for the humiliation it now undergoes.—*New York World, Dem.*

SAN FRANCISCO, July 15th—Gen. Miles whipped the Indians at Umatilla reservation with 300 infantry against 500 well mounted savages. The fight continued from 8 a. m. till noon, when the Indians attempted to charge Miles' lines, but were repulsed, being unable to stand the fire from the howitzer. Indian loss 15 killed. Miles' casualties were only two wounded. The charge of the Indians was desperate.

Extensive frauds have been discovered at Fort Thompsou and Crow Creek (Dacota) Agency. Fraudulent papers abound. The military seized the safes at the Forts, and hedge the discoverp.

The railroad companies of the United States have in use 3,500,000 car wheels. Those on fast passenger trains are renewed every ten months; but freight cars use the same wheels sometimes ten years. The average life of a wheel is 50,000 miles, and at that rate it takes 700,000 a year, at a cost, less the old wheels, of $6,000,000.

SUN STROKES.—QUINCY, ILL., July 15.—Seven sunstrokes yesterday; five fatal.

ST. LOUIS, July 15.—There is no abatement in intensity of heat. The mercury is at 98 and very often 102 degrees in the business streets. Every one not compelled to be out keeps in doors. Thirty sunstrokes or prostration from heat reported to-day, and nine deaths from these causes.

During the six months of 1878, ending June 30, there were 48 failures in North Carolina aggregating $469,400.—During corresponding months of 1877 there were 65 failures amounting to $411,054. So while the number decreases the amount increases. The total increase of amount for the United States is over $31,000,000. This, mind you, is only for six months.

The Portsmouth *Times* pays a high tribute to Senator Merrimon, of North Carolina, and declares that he is "one of the ablest and most distinguished representatives in the United States Senate." The *Times* says it would "seriously regret to see our neighbor State force him to give up his position even to advance the dashing Zeb Vance."

APPLETONS' JOURNAL for August leads off with an illustrated article descriptive of artificial flower-making in New York, entitled "Flora in a Garret," which comes timely at this season as a good contrast to Flora when at her best in the woods, in the meadows, and in the gardens. The article is delightfully written by Mr. William H. Rideing, and effectively illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. A short story, that is almost long enough to be called a novelette, bearing the title of "Up in the Blue Ridge," is from the pen of Constance Fenimore Woolson—who is, beyond dispute, one of the best story-writers we have. "Up in the Blue Ridge" unites stirring adventure with some excellent character-drawing. It is one of the series of American novelettes that this magazine is now making a feature of. The second installment of "A Bit of Nature," by Albert Rhodes, is given; this is also an American story, the completion of which will follow next month. It is a story out of the conventional rut—notably fresh, and of the soil. The Rev. Mr. Walden gives the first portion of a paper entitled "Voices of Westminster Abbey," which is a fresh and most interesting paper on a subject that never grows old. Miss Fenimore Cooper appears with the second of her "Otsego Leaves." Julian Hawthorne continues his London sketches; there is an essay on "Genius and Labor," by Junius Henri Browne; Poems by Dr. English and Edgar Fawcett; and still other good things.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—"Along the Danube," by Edward King, is the opening paper of Lippincott's Magazine for August, and both text and illustrations are spirited and lively. Edward H. Knight, one of our commissioners to the Paris Exposition, and a member of the jury on machinery, gives an illustrated paper on the Buildings and Grounds, with suggestive comparisons between Paris and Philadelphia. A much livelier article, and one better suited to the present temperature, is "A Welsh Watering-Place," by Wirt Sikes; but the gem of the number is "The British Soldier," by Henry James, Jr., in which the exquisite irony and delicate powers of the writer are employed on a most attractive theme. "Sambo: a Man and a Brother," by S. A. Shields, contains some pictures of negro character from personal observation which cannot fail to be read with interest. Mrs. Hooper sketches the career of the Empress Eugenie with much animation and causticity; and Mrs. Howland gives an account of a new system of Musical Notation. There is a striking story in the number entitled "A Saxon God," and the new serial, "Through Winding Ways," shows a careful study of life with a geniality of tone that is especially charming. There are other good things in the number, which is almost wholly of a light character, suitable for the month.

The Financial Situation.

The reduction of the public debt for the fiscal year just ended was $24,000,000, against $37,000,000 for the preceding year. The reduction was larger in that year mainly in consequence of covering into the Treasury of $10,000,000, balance of the Geneva award-fund.—During the last year the bonded debt was increased nearly $83,000,000, and the amount paid out for interests is greater by $3,000,000 than was paid for the preceding fiscal year. During the same time the debt bearing no interest has decreased nearly $21,000,000. The increase in the bonded debt was caused by the sale of bonds for resumption purposes, the proceeds of which sales are now in the Treasury. The total coin balance is now $197,415,133. From this sum must be deducted about $46,000,000 for coin certificates and nearly $10,000,000 held to redeem outstanding called bonds and other outstanding coin liabilities, leaving the actual coin now in the Treasury. $141,949,383. On July 1, 1877, the actual coin balance was $50,127,619. The reduction in the legal tender circulation during the year was over $13,000,000 and in fractional currency nearly $4,000,000. The national bank circulation has increased $10,000,000, the outstanding amount now authorized being over $314,000,000.

The total receipts of the Government for the fiscal year were as follows: Customs, $129,897,344; internal revenue, $110,200,956; miscellaneous, $17,903,518; total, $258,001,818. Compared with the preceding fiscal year the receipts show a falling off of $10,998,760, of which decrease over $8000,000 were in internal revenue. The total expenditures for the year, exclusive of interest on the public debt were $135,620,617, which is nearly $6,000,000 less than the ordinary expenditures for the preceding fiscal year. The amount paid for interest on the debt during the year just closed was about $100,000,000.

NATIONAL PARTY.

The first Convention of the *National Party* of Forsyth and Stokes Counties was held in Winston, July 16th, 1878. It was called to order at 1½ o'clock, P. M., by Martin Grogan, Esq. Henry Hart, Esq., was called to the Chair, and N. S. Cook and J. D. Paylor, appointed Secretaries.

Dr. Samuel Martin was called on to explain the object of the Convention.

On motion, it was ordered that all the townships that were represented report to the Secretaries. Twelve townships reported from Forsyth and one from Stokes. They were then requested to retire and make nominations for the Senate and House of Representatives. In a short time they reported Martin Grogan as the unanimous choice for the Senate and Wm. B. Stype for the House of Representatives.

These gentlemen were notified of their nomination and both accepted, making interesting and earnest addresses in advocacy of the principles of the National Party.

The following platform of principles was then read and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, throughout our entire State and Nation, the value of real estate is greatly depreciated, industry paralyzed, trade depressed, business incomes and wages reduced, unparalleled distress inflicted upon the poorer and middle ranks of our people, the land filled with fraud, embezzlement, bankruptcy, crime and suffering; AND WHEREAS, this state of things has been brought about by legislation in the interest of and dictated by money-lenders, bankers and bondholders; AND WHEREAS neither the Republican nor Democratic parties have, by their course, shown a sufficient devotion to the interests of the suffering people by the introduction of any bill or resolution for their relief by equalizing taxation, giving the people an adequate supply of legal tender currency, or in any other manner so to legislate as to meet the pressing wants of the laboring classes; AND WHEREAS, the limiting the legal tender quality of Greenbacks, the changing of currency bonds into coin bonds, the excepting of bonds from taxation the contraction of the circulating medium, the proposed forced resumption of specie payment, and the prodigal waste of the public lands have been crimes against the people; and, as far as possible, the results of these criminal acts must be counteracted by judicious legislation. Therefore we assemble in Convention and make a declaration of our principles as follows:

This organization shall be known as the "National Party"; and we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure the election of such men only as are willing to endeavor to carry out these principles,

Resolved, 1st. That we demand the repeal of the Specie Resumption Act, and the issue of absoblute Money in Greenbacks equal to gold and silver; That we demand that all bonds now subject to redemption be immediately redeemed in absolute money equivalent to coin; reduction of all National, State and Municipal salaries, and the repeal of the law exempting United States Bonds from taxation.

Resolved 2nd. That the Internal Revenue system, as now enforced, is ruinous to the industrial pursuits of our section of the country, complicated and expensive in its execution, affording places for thousands of officers and employees with large salaries which absorb the bulk of the taxes collected, while the various complications and expenses of its regulations exclude the manufacturer of limited means, while the rich monopolize the whole manufacturing interests of the country.

Resolved 3rd, That we earnestly deprecate the manner in which officers in the Internal Revenue service commit depredations, assaults and other crimes, in the pretended discharge of their duties under the revenue laws, which are in direct violation of the laws of our State, and are protected from just punishment by the interference of the Federal Courts.

Resolved 4th, That the perpetuation of a free Government depends upon the education of the people, and as the public lands are the common property of the whole people, instead of being sold to speculators and donated to railroads and other corporations, they should be appropriated to educational purposes and donated to actual settlers in limited quantities.

Resolved 5th, That we denounce all "strikes," mobs and other violence calculated to interfere with the administration of the Government, the execution of the laws and the legitimate rights of all persons and corporate bodies; and we ask all good people to assist us fairly to redress all grievances through the medium of the ballot-box.

Resolved 6th, That we believe the ballot-box should be free and untrammeled, uninfluenced by either force or fraud, and that we denounce all attempts to carry elections, State or National, by outlays of money, as dangerous and contrary to the free exercise of the elective franchise which should characterize all free governments.

Resolved 7th, That we cordially invite the attention and co-operation of all honest and patriotic citizens to aid in the foregoing resolutions, and call upon them to abandon old parties and unite with us in establishing a new party of the people, which is to deliver them from the money and Corporate despotism under which they now labor,—to secure to labor its just rewards, to trade, commerce and credit, solidity and security, to reform the abuses in the administration of public affairs, to remove the burdens of excessive taxation, lincenses and impositions, to inaugurate a system of absolute money for the American people, and to secure to them and their posterity the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

On motion, the Convention adjourned.

HENRY HART, *Chairman.*
N. S. COOK, JNO. D. PAYLOR. } *Secretaries.*

General News.

During the thunder storm at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Saturday afternoon, one of the cottages on Virginia row was struck by lightning, completely demolishing one end of it. The uninjured end was occupied by Colonel Semmes, of New Orleans, who escaped unhurt. A young man, who was painting in the building at the time, was drinking water from a pitcher. Much to his surprise he was left with the handle of the pitcher in his hand, the lightning cutting the body of the pitcher from him.

After the 1st inst., the compensation of postmasters of the 4th class is based upon the value of stamps canceled at their offices, instead of as before, the amount sold. These will then receive as compensation 60 per cent. upon the first one hundred dollars worth of stamps canceled in each quarter, 50 per cent. on the next $200, and 40 per cent. upon all over $300.

PRESBYTERIANISM.—During the past year there were organized through the instrumentality of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, 132 churches and 322 Sabbath schools, giving a total of 1,612 schools connected with the missionary work of that Church, embracing 124,921 children. The United Presbyterian Church report for the year ending May 1, 56 presbyteries, 647 ministers, 792 congregations, 78,648 members, and 709 Sunday schools, with 66,215 officers and scholars; total contributions were $782,666. The contributions by the Sabbath schools were $23,210.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying the blood with Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture. Thus forearmed, you will not be attacked by sickness.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, who died in Massachusetts last Wednesday evening week, left an estate worth from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. It was all the result of advertising. His medicines may have been very good, but he would have starved to death if he hadn't advertised them.

The aggregate of appropriations made by the last Congress is $157,213,933.77, as follows: Military Academy, $282,805; Fortifications, $275,000; Consular and Diplomatic, $1,076,135; Navy, $14,151,603.70; Post Office, $33,256,373; Pension, $29,371,574; Indian, $4,721,275.50; Army, $25,583,186.01; Legislative, Executive and Judicial, $15,428,881.30; Sundry Civil, $24,750,100.56; River and Harbor, $8,307,000.

TRADE IN MOCKING BIRDS.—The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* says: Full grown mocking birds sell for a high price in the large Northern cities. Bird hunters come out to Georgia from the North every spring, and carry back with them large numbers of the fledglings, which are taken from their nests. If a stop is not put to this wholesale plundering of mocking birds' nests, the charming notes of this pride of the Southern woods will soon cease to be heard, and the wonderful songster will pass away entirely.

During a recent thunder storm in Pennsylvania, a pic-nic party took refuge under a tree which blew down, killing ten and wounding fifteen of the party.

It is a sad sight to see an intoxicated person on the street. How much more so is it to see a dull and sickly Baby, rendered so by the use of dangerous opiates? Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup contains nothing injurious and may be given to the most delicate Baby. Price 25 cents.

WHIPPING POSTS IN VIRGINIA.—Virginia's criminal code became operative on the 1st of July. Under it one or more whipping posts will be established in each city and county within the Commonwealth. In future there will be no imprisonment for petty larceny, except for second offences, and where, in the judgment of the justice or judge, the condition of a female offender may render stripes unadvisable. The Legislature determined on this change at the last session, in view of the crowded condition of the prisons, the cost of maintaining convicts, and the impoverishment of the Commonwealth's financial resources. The right of appeal from the judgment of a justice to trial by jury is of course reserved.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—Persons in positions to know estimate the amont of counterfeit coin now in circulation in this country at fully $2,000,000, much the greater part of which is spurious silver. The amount of counterfeit coin increases steadily, the increase having been greater, it is said, within the last four years than during any previous period of the same length, in consequence of the pervading dullness of trade, which always stimulates rascality of every kind. Men generally have a prejudice—the prejudice may be most irrational—in favor of living; and, when they cannot live honestly, they will live dishonestly. Persons who have never offended the law up to the Autumn of 1873, have doubtless done so since in various ways, because they could not get employment. Counterfeiting has augmented with other crimes; crime depends for its diffusion and enormity upon commercial activity, upon the proper adjustment of labor's supply and demand. Times like these show how closely connected morals are with material causes; that the average man is not inclined to evil so long as he is wholesomely occupied.—*Ral. Observer.*

War's Horrors---Narative of Bulgarian Atrocities.

LONDON, July 10.—A Constantinople despatch to the *Times* says: Mr. Fawcett has returned from Sagos, and reports the intense sufferings which exists among the population South of the Rhodope Mountains. He enumerates horrors perpetrated by the Bulgarians and Cossaks, and sometimes by regular Russian soldiers, whose design seems to be the extermination or utter dispersion of Mussulmans and Christians favorable to them. In Domoda district fifty-three villages have been plundered and burnt by Russian and Bulgarian troops. Within the last two months twenty-three villages have been equally laid waste and burnt in the district of Haskier, and in Philipoppalis district twelve villages have been burnt. In numerous villages there has been wanton destruction, attended by deeds of unheard of barbarity. Cases of men and women deliberately burnt alive have been frequent.—Violation of young girls has also been very frequent. Nothing more horrible than the particulars of this report can be imagined. Its veracity rests on the official authority of one of the most respected of Her Majesty's servants, and of men employed by him, upon his conviction of their perfect trustworthiness.

Fawcett intends to lay his report before the English, Austrian and French ambassadors, with a view to sending out a commission of inquiry to the spot, to endeavor to put an end to these excesses.

Taxation—Its Inequalities.

More than once we have shown the unequal taxation under the Internal Revenue Laws. The Washington *Post* has had access to the items in the report for the fiscal year just ended, and from it we gather that the whole amount of tax collected as Internal Revenue was $115,417,748.33, of which sum the State of Illinois, with a property valuation, according to the census of 1870, of $2,121,680,579, paid $25,582,960.71, while the State of New York, with a property valuation of $6,500,841,264 paid only $14,655,081.80; the State of Ohio, with $2,235,430,300, paid $16,610,446.09, while Pennsylvania, with $3,808,340,112, paid only $5,981,273.46; the state of Kentucky, with $604,318,552, paid $7,648,612.13, while the State of Massachusetts, paid nearly three times as much tax; the State of Virginia, with $409,588,283, paid $7,313,021.13, while the States of Maine and Rhode Island combined, with $645,121,317, paid only $314,826.48, or less than one-thirtieth in the proportion paid by Virginia; the State of North Carolina, with $260,757,245, paid $1,679,355.69, while Vermont, with $235,449,553, paid only $48,097.15.

Counterfeit Coins.

Reports received from the secret service agents in all parts of the country indicate that the business of counterfeiting silver coins is a large and rapidly increasing one. The spurious issues include the new silver dollar, halfs and quarters; those of the large denominations being more numerous. At the secret headquarters of the treasury department hundreds of sacks of these counterfeits captured in different parts of the county, have already accumulated, and fresh additions to the stock are daily received. An analysis of the counterfeit coins shows that they are composed of block tin, antimony and glass, cast in moulds made of plaster of Paris. Among a new lot of coins just received, some were found which in appearance and by ordinary acid tests could not be distinguished from genuine coin. A careful examination led to the discovery that they were manufactured by the electro-plating process, a sufficient coating of silver being placed upon the surface to make it resist the acid. The coin has the appearance and the ring of the genuine and can only be detected by weight. The cost of manufacturing these spurious coins is about 40 per cent. of the current value of the genuine.—The centers from which the counterfeit currency is chiefly circulated are Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Indianapolis, Vincennes and Louisville. It was said at the Treasury Department that an expert with a capital of $5 could set himself up in the business of counterfeiting silver coin.

THE MARKETS.

BACON AND LARD:		
Western Sides.		7 to 7½
Country,		7½ to 8
Shoulders,		6 to 7
Hams,		8 to 10
Lard,		10 to 11
GRAIN:		
Corn,		50 to 60
Wheat,		$0 90 to 1 10
Oats,		35 to 40
Flour super (100 lbs)		2 25 to 2 50
" family "		2 50 to 2 75
Meal,	"	1 25 to 00
Chops,	"	1 00 to 00
Rice, Carolina,		10 to 12
Flax Seed per bush.,		0 00 to 0 90
Potatoes, Irish,		60 to 00
Peas,		65
PRODUCE		
Eggs,		00 to 10
Butter,		10 to 16
Feathers,		½ to 50
Beeswax,		0 to 23
Hay,		35 to 40

Dried Cherries, 12½ cents per pound.
" Blackberries, 5 to 6 cts. per lb.

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs, Dark	$1 50 to $3 00
" Red,	2 50 to 5 00
Bright Lugs, Common,	3 50 to 4 50
" " Good,	5 00 to 8 00
" " Fine,	9 00 to 16 00
" " Fancy,	17 00 to 20 00
Red Leaf Common,	3 00 to 4 50
" " Good,	5 00 to 7 50
" " Fine,	8 00 to 12 00
Dark Wrappers,	10 00 to 15 00
Bright Wrappers, Common.	14 00 to 16 50
" " Medium.	18 00 to 22 50
" " Fine.	27 50 to 45 00
" " Fancy.	50 00 to 76 00
Mahogany Wrappers,	22 50 to 5 00

According to quality.

The Home Fertilizer.

FOR LESS THAN FIFTEEN DOLLARS we agree to sell you enough PURE CHEMICALS to make a ton (2200 lbs.) of MANURE that will make you as much Wheat, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, and Tobacco as any manipulated Fertilizer offered in the market at forty to forty-five dollars. For this remarkable statement we offer you the very best references in your State, which you will find by writing for Circular, also formula with instructions, &c. The name is copyrighted and Recipe *Patenteed.*

BOYKIN, CARMER & CO.
PROPRIETORS,
Baltimore, Md.
July 11-3mos

THE RALEIGH OBSERVER,
A Daily and Weekly
DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER,
Published in Raleigh
BY P. M. HALE, & W. L. SAUNDERS.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION—IN ADVANCE:

Daily Observer, one year		$8 00
" "	six months	4 00
" "	three months	2 00
Weekly "	one year	2 00
" "	six months	75

Address
THE OBSERVER,
Raleigh, N. C.

CHROMOS Cheap, Cheaper, Cheapest At the BOOKSTORE.

CARPETS, CARPETS,
CARPETS.

THE people of this vicinity have long felt the necessity of having a larger and better assortment of Carpets to select from than has ever been kept in the place before. *That want is now fully supplied.* We have secured the exclusive use of

Richardson's Carpet Exhibitor,

A WONDERFUL INVENTION
for showing Carpets; a brief description of the use of which we give below.

With the use of the CARPET EXHIBITOR, we show from a Sample just how the Carpet looks on a very large room, multiplying the Sample a thousand times, matched and shown as perfect as when the carpet is made up and nailed upon the floor. In this way we are now prepared to show you a

NEW YORK WHOLESALE STOCK.

We have made special arrangements with one of the *Largest Houses* in New York, to fill all our orders for Carpets, and will show you a larger assortment to select from than has ever been kept outside of a wholesale house.

We keep samples of all

NEW AND DESIRABLE PATTERNS,

which *are not kept in stock* outside of large cities. This way of buying Carpets has now *become popular*, and we show what you would otherwise have to go to New York to find. We can sell as cheap for *cash* as you can buy for *cash* in New York, and there being no remnants to take off the profits, we are enabled to sell on a very small commission, and most respectfully invite the public to examine our stock, and satisfy themselves.

IF YOU WANT A CARPET

of any dimensions, bring a correct measure of your room and we guarantee to suit you.

Please call and see us, whether you wish to buy or not, as it is no trouble to show goods.

PATTERSON & CO.,
CARPETS, DRY GOODS and GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
Main Street, Salem, N. C.

MORTGAGE SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A MORTGAGE DEED executed on 16th day of November, 1872, by Samuel A. Alspaugh and wife, Elizabeth E. Alspaugh, to John M. Stafford, recorded in the Register's Office in Forsyth county, on the 9th day of December, 1872, in Book No. 6, pages 390, 391 and 392, we will expose to sale at public outcry to the highest bidder, on the premises, on WEDNESDAY THE 31ST DAY OF JULY, 1878, the four following described tracts of land:

ONE TRACT in Forsyth county, on the waters of Muddy Creek, adjoining the lands of James Conrad and others, containing 63 acres, more or less.

2ND TRACT, lying on Shallow Ford road, in said county, adjoining Augustus Smith and others, containing 50 acres.

3D TRACT, lying on Shallow Ford road, in said county, containing 3½ acres.

4TH TRACT, adjoining J. Conrad and others, on the waters of Muddy Creek, in said county, containing One Hundred and Fifty-three and a half (153½) acres.

The above described tracts of land will be sold for cash.

GEORGE E. NISSEN, } *Administrators*
FRANK P. STAFFORD, } *J. M. Stafford.*
June 19, 1878,-27-4t.

NEW STYLES OF
Paper & Envelopes,
AT THE BOOK STORE.

Call and examine our excllent stock of per and envelopes. A large assortment Nov. 8t fine and common on hand, CHEAP

THOS. R PURNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
RALEIGH, N. C.,

Will attend to business in the State and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of the State.

Floral Autograph Album.

A new and beautiful album, richly illustrated with choice Wreaths and Bouquets of Flowers. The most elegant Birthday Present ever offered at
BLUM'S BOOKSTORE

JOB PRINTING, OF *every description done at this Office, in First Class Style and at reasonable rates.*

Trees and Plants.

WE invite the attention of Planters to our large and complete stock of Standard and Dwarf

APPLE TREES.
Standard and Dwarf
PEACH TREES,
Standard and Dwarf
PEAR TREES,
APRICOT, CHERRY, QUINCE NECTARINE, Trees, of the most improved varieties.
GRAPE VINES, STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY PLANTS.

Our Descriptive Catalogue sent free Address
CRAFT & SAILOR.
Cedar Cove Nursery.
Red Plains, Yadkin County, N. C.

NEW
NORTH CAROLINA
HAND BOOK,

a guide for
Justices of the Peace, Clerks, Sheriffs, Registers, Coroner, Constables and other County Officers: including the
LAWS, FORMS AND PRECEDENTS.
BY A MEMBER OF THE RALEIGH BAR.
For sale at the
SALEM BOOK STORE.

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR
SPRING STOCK,
and offer to our friends the newest and most fashionable
STYLES OF DRESS GOODS,
PRINTS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, HOSIERY, TABLE LINENS, &c., &c., &c.
Zeigler's fine
SHOES
for Ladies and Children.
And many other fresh and useful goods at greatly reduced prices.
PATTERSON & CO.
Salem, N. C., March 12, 1878.

The People's Press.

LOCAL ITEMS.

COPIES of the PRESS are kept on sale each week, at 5 cts. per copy.

REGISTER.—It is important that you should register, or at least see that your name is on the list. The books are open at the office of W. B. Johnson, Esq.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—Open-air religious service will be resumed, in the grove, on the reservation in West Winston, next Sunday at 4 o'clock, p. m.—A cordial invitation is extended to all.

THERE were three interments in the colored cemetery during the past week.

BATTLE GROUND post office, Guilford County, has been discontinued.

THREE trespassing porkers will be sold from the town pound on Monday at 1 p. m.

SOME of the older and more experienced citizens speak of organizing an artillery company soon.

THE sewer crossing Main Street, near the Big Coffee Pot, has been repaired and is all right now.

THE Messrs. FRIES are putting up a new and improved gas-making machine at their gas-house.

THE young ladies of the Academy picnicked at the old Blum place, northeast of town, Thursday.

Mr. SAM MERRIL, of Raleigh, is visiting Salem. Came to see the new gas machine.

PEACH CRATE manufacture comes in for a good share of the carpenter's time at this season.

HARRY ORMSBY, of New York City, has taken charge of the printing department of the Winston *Republican* office.

OUR young friend, Wm. Menzel, started for his home in Niskey, Germany, last Wednesday.

I. G. VEACH, has the agency for Western North Carolina, for the Wilson Sewing Machine.

A FEW gourdy, sickly-looking watermelons have been offered in the market. Few weeks earlier than usual and prices high.

CORN is twisting, the gardens are seared and dried out and rain is needed very badly. From far and near comes the same complaint.

Mr. WILLIAMS, of Raleigh, has temporary charge of the Express Office, in place of the late clever and obliging Agent, Eph. Brown.

THE WILD CAT is in bad health.—Warm weather and close confinement does not agree with him, and he pines for a more natural domain.

Mrs. E. A. VOGLER and daughters departed Monday morning for Madison, where they will spend a few weeks of the heated term.

CAPT. J. R. VOGLER and sister are among the mountains of North-Western North Carolina, visiting relatives and friends.

THE County canvass opened at Crew's School House yesterday. The candidates with their nice "little speeches" were there, and the battle's begun.

PLEASANT indeed are the sprinkled side-walks along portions of the street. Would that it were so all the way.

SIDE-WALK awnings are going up and being repaired for the protection of show windows, against the despoiling rays of "old Sol."

PREPARATIONS are being made for erecting a new store-house on the vacant lot fronting the Merchant's Hotel. It will be built by a company.

A PARTY of 8 or 10 Winston young gentlemen will spend the month of August at the Piedmont Springs. Pleasant place for recreation.

THE continued spell of dry weather have caused several wells to fail about town and a number of others evince signs of giving out.

SANITARY REGULATIONS should be enforced on all premises: filth, rubbish and stagnant pools of water should be removed. It is essential for the health of the towns.

Mr. A. M. JONES, of our town, the well known and popular sewing machine agent, has now in charge the branch office of the Singer Manufacturing Company. Read the new ad.

A RAVEN.—One of those cunning and mischievous birds is at the Salem Hotel. It was sent from Ashe county as a present. We admire Poe's poem on the "Raven," but the bird itself, well——.

ATTENTION MOLASSES MAKERS.—All persons interested in making molasses should call at S. E. ALLEN'S Hardware Store, Winston, where they can see an improved CANE MILL and BOILER.

REV'S BROWN, of the Baptist, and JOHNSTON, of the Presbyterian Church exchanged pulpits for last Sunday evening's discourses.

A DIME PARTY for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church, will be given tonight, (Thursday) at Gray's new brick Store opposite Merchant's Hotel. Doors open at 8½ p. m.

IT is rumored that Dr. Johnson has announced himself as an independent Republican candidate to represent Stokes and Forsyth in the State Senate.

LARGE TOMATO.—M. C. Crews, of Old Town, this county, sent us a very fine tomato grown in his garden, weighing 12¼ ounces.

DOG DAYS began Saturday, and if the old saying be true—no rain on that day—we can expect a long spell of dry weather.

THE Natural Bridge excursion party returned Wednesday, delighted with their trip. Miss M. A. Fogle met the party at Salem, Va., on her return home from a lengthy stay at Hope, Indiana.

MORE BIG TATERS. — James Garboden brings out the largest early rose, weighing 19¼ ounces.

H. W. Shore has one of the same variety which drew 17½ ounces.

EXCURSION. — A branch excursion train, to connect at Greensboro, left the depot at 10 a. m., Tuesday, bound for Charlotte. Not a great number embraced this opportunity of taking a ride.

SICKNESS.—As exaggerated reports have gone abroad in regard to sickness in Winston and Salem, we would state that there is no case of scarlet fever now in this place, and all fears of its becoming epidemic have subsided.

THE NIGHT-WATCH trundling a squealing pig on a wheelbarrow, accompanied by a number of youths' and a big dog, served to fill the fast approaching midnight hour with hideous noises, Friday, as they passed down town on the way to the pound.

WE welcome our young friend, C. Theodore Smith, on his return from Nazareth Hall, where he has been pursuing his studies for the past year. On homeward trip, he made a sojourn of a few days at Washington, among friends.

WINTER OATS.—O. W. T. Doub, near Bethania, raised from one oat seed some 75 stalks, averaging 100 grains to the head. Also a head containing 154 grains; others containing from 100 to 160 grains each. A number of stalks measured 6 feet 5 inches in heighth. The whole crop was extraordinarily fine.

DEAD.—A colored woman living near town, in the habit of leaving her infant in charge of a very small lad, while absent during the day at her work, returned home Saturday evening and was told by the boy "to go and see how still the baby laid," and found upon examination, the little one cold in death.

INVENTION.—William A. Weant, of Mocksville, Davie County, a natural genius, is the recent inventor of a wonderful self-acting rail-way switch, which has been patented. The use of it would save annually a large amount to our railway companies.

COMPLAINT has been made that the young men and boys who frequent the little race, are too noisy while going to and from the bathing place, using unbecoming language, and otherwise demeaning themselves improperly.

Messrs. James Hall and Byron Spaugh made quite an extended tour through the Western part of the State, visiting Asheville, Hickory, Statesville, Morganton, and other towns, enjoying fine scenery, and holding divine service along the route. They returned home last week.

DEPOT CHANGES.—Capt. F. G. Crutchfield left Monday morning to fill the position of Conductor on the Richmond & Danville Railroad. The Captain has run on our road ever since its completion, 5 years ago. Mr. Heffrin, of Goldsboro, takes his place here.

NEW POLICE.—Our portly townsman, E. Chitty, has accepted the position as merchant police of Winston. It is a new thing, and by each merchant contributing a monthly sum of $1 his premises will be watched over during the night by the above officer. In these days of many new comers, it is a timely move.

SURRY'S DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION nominated the following candidates:

House of Representatives, W. A. Moore; Sheriff, Samuel Taylor; Superior Court Clerk, H. B. Galloway; Register of Deeds, W. H. Freeman; Treasurer, M. L. Patterson; Coroner, R. F. McGuffin.

STOKES COUNTY CANVASS.—The county candidates of Stokes will address their fellow citizens at the following times and places:

Wm. C Southerlin's,	Monday, July	15th
D N Dalton's,	Tuesday, July,	16th
Haywood Vonable's,	Wednesday "	17th
Covington's school house,	Thurs. "	18th
Francisco,	Friday, "	19th
Lawsonville,	Saturday, "	20th
Sandy Ridge,	Monday, "	22d
Prestonville,	Tuesday "	23rd
M O Jame's Store,	Wednesday, "	24th
Walnut Cove,	Thursday, "	25th
Germanton,	Friday, "	26th
Joel F. Hill's	Saturday, "	27th
W R Bennet's	Monday, "	29th
Danbury,	Tuesday, "	30th
W H Watt's,	Wednesday, "	31st

RAILROAD.—Last Tuesday Col. Alspaugh and Maj. Brown, the appointed Railroad committee, visited Mt. Airy and conferred with the president and directors of the Mt. Airy Railroad, proposing to the company to join in and aid in building the road to Salem and Winston. A delegation from that place will attend the meeting at Mocksville on the 27th inst.

CONVENTION. — At the Yadkinville Democratic Convention on the 6th inst., at Yadkinville, Richmond M. Pearson was nominated as the Senatorial candidate for Surry and Yadkin.

The following county officers were nominated: House of Representatives, James M. Burgess; Sheriff, J. H. Myers; Superior Court Clerk, J. H. Hampton; Register of Deeds, A. H. Thomasson; Treasurer, J. H. Jenkins; Surveyor, W. H. Brandon; Coroner, J. H. Poindexter.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—Among the large number in attendance at the State Normal School, we notice the following names from this and adjoining counties: Alex. Baker, Yadkin College, Davidson County; Robt. L. Cain, Mocksville, Davie County; Jas. M. Gatewood, Prestonville, Stokes County; Miss Lizzie A. Gilmer, Mt. Airy, Surry County; William S. Semmons, Stokes; Richard Stanley, Surry; Geo. M. Smithdeal, Davie; Miss Eliza R. Spencer, Winston; Rufus H. Smith, Mt. Airy; Rev. S. Simpson, Yadkin College; Rev. S. R. Trawick, Kernersville, and J. T. Tatum, Jerusalem Davie.

ALMOST A SAD AFFAIR.—On Monday morning last, a woman living on —— street placed a large iron pot filled with water over the fire, in the fire-place, to heat for washing clothes, and while she was filling a tub with water at the pump, the pot turned over, spilling the boiling water all over the hearth. Had her little boy who was visiting his uncle at the time, been standing on the hearth there is no doubt but what he would have been scalded to death. All persons should have one of those popular COOKING STOVES, sold at Capt. S. E. ALLEN'S Hardware Store, Winston. There is a boiler, for heating water, with each stove, so arranged that no accident can occur.

BRICK MACHINE.—C. A. Hege has a patent brick machine, invented by Allen & Duffy, of Greensboro, which is very simple in construction and pronounced by judges superior to any other in use. Mr. Hege built the machine he is working and claims one-third interest in the patent. He is making brick with it for his new shops and dwelling, to be erected some time during the summer, and has 80,000 or more already made. The cost of the machine is rated at only half the usual price asked for such inventions. With one horse power from eight to ten thousand well pressed brick can be made per day, grinding the earth and making brick at the same time. Five hands can easily attend to it, and the brick so made, kept under roof, are ready for the kiln after a few days airing. It costs only from 35 to 40 cents a thousand to prepare brick for the kiln, whereas made by hand they cost $1.25 or even more. The number made may be increased in accordance with the size of the machine and power used.

As there is no spreading on the yard to dry there is no loss from rain, and as the machine is worked under roof it may be run the year round where frost would not interfere. As no yard is required for drying but little room is needed.

A GOOD OFFER.—In the year 1873, a number of colored people left this section for Parish East Carroll, La., to engage in the cotton raising business. Employment was given them by W. B. Keene, Esq. A letter from him to C. L. Rights, Esq., of this place is where we glean the following:

DEAR SIR:—Charley Scott is with me still, and has one of the best cotton crops in the country. He will make two bales to the acre, much more than he can pick, and is desirous of getting some of his frirnds and relatives out here. He proposes to hire them to gather his crop, and when that is done, to get them work in gathering others. There will be constant employment for them from 15th of September, to 1st of January, at 75 cts. per cord, for cutting wood, and 50 to 75 cts., per hundred lbs., for picking cotton. I told Charley Scott if he could get his friends to come, I would furnish house room and such advances as were necessary—would take them in charge and see that they got cash pay every Saturday night. If they prove good hands, I will on the 1st of January '79, employ them for wages, or interest in crop, or lease them land, mules and farming implements. Crop prospects are very good, and I would like to get as many hands together as I can. Will furnish, if necessary, transportation to Vicksburg, Miss., which is cheapest, via Memphis, by Rail or boat to Vicksburg, Miss., and then up by boat. As for reference, I can direct you to Messrs. Graham Black, & Co., of New Orleans.

Yours truly
W. BODIEN KEENE.

P. S.—If any colored people should call on you a favor would be conferred by addressing me and promise prompt attention and remuneration for your trouble.

DIED.

In Clemmonsville, on Friday last, FRANK, infant son of Dr. J. and S. Griffith, aged 9 months.

In Winston, on Saturday last, JOHN MILLER, aged 77 years.

The deceased was a respected citizen of this county, and leaves 9 children, 37 grand-children and 7 great grand-children to mourn his demise.

VEGETINE

is recommended by all PHYSICIANS.

VALLEY STREAM, QUEENS Co., Long Island, New York.

MR. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir:—I take the pleasure of writing you a small certificate concerning Vegetine prepared by you. I have been a sufferer with the *Dyspepsia* for over forty years, and have had the *Chronic Diarrhœa* for over six months, and have tried most everything; was given up to die, and did not expect to live from day to day, and no physician could touch my case. I saw your Vegetine recommended to cure *Dyspepsia*. I commenced using it, and I continned doing so, and am now a well woman and restored to perfect health. All who are afflicted with this terrible disease, I would kindly recommend to try it for the benefit of their health, and it is excellent as a blood purifier.

By Dr. T. B. FORBES, M. D., for
Mrs. Wm. H. FORBES.

VEGETINE. — When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of olimate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the VEGETINE will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE.

For Cancers and CANCEROUS HUMORS.
The Doctor's Certificate.
READ IT.

ASHLEY, WASHINGTON Co., Ill., Jan 14, '78.

MR. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I had been suffering from a *Rose Cancer* on my right breast, which grew very rapidly, and all my friends had given me up to die, when I heard of your medicine, Vegetine, recommend for *Cancer* and *Cancerous Humors*. I commenced to take it, and soon found myself beginning to feel better; my health and spirits both felt the benign influence which it exerted, and in a few months from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetine, the *Cancer* came out almost bodily.

CARRIE DE FORREST.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. De Forrest, and consider her one of our very best women.

DR. S. H. FLOWERS.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—If VEGETINE will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies, suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It can truly be called the *Great Blood Purifier*.—The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE.

I Regard it as a Valuable FAMILY MEDICINE.

January 1, 1878.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq:—

Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in saying, that I have used the Vegetine in my family with good results, and I have known of several cases of remarkable cure effected by it. I regard it as a valuable family medicine.

Truly Yours, REV. WM. MCDONALD.

The Rev. Wm. McDonald is well known through the United States as a minister in the M. E. Church.

THOUSANDS SPEAK.—VEGETINE is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

VEGETINE.

The M. D's have it.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir:—I have sold Vegetine for a long time, and find it gives most excellent satisfaction.

VEGETINE

Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 6:30 o'clock, A. M., to 6:00 P. M., and from 7 to 8 A. M. on Sunday.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 4.00, p. m. Due every day, except Monday, at 12:30 a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via. Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Dalton, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek. Closes every day except Sunday, at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 6, p. m.

MADISON, via. Winston, Sedge Garden, Gemanton, Walnut Cove, Sauratown and Pine Hall. Closes, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30, a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 5, p. m.

HUNTSVILLE, via. Clemmonsville, Lewisville and Panther Creek. Closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30, a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 3, p. m.

FULTON, via. Friedberg, Advance and Elbaville, closes every Friday, at 6:30, A. M. Due every Saturday, by 8, A. M.

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H. W. SHORE, P. M.

An Undeniable Truth.

You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault and there is only one excuse for you,—your unreasonable prejudice and skepticism, which has killed thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will soon show you that Green's August Flower will cure you of Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, palpitation of the heart, sour stomach, habitual prostration, low spirits, &c. Its sales now reach every town on the Western Continent and not a Druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve you.

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MR. A. M. JONES, of Salem, N. C., for several years past, engaged in selling the Wilson Sewing Machine, is now with THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., and in charge of their BRANCH OFFICE, in Winston. Mr. Jones is well known in Western N. C., as a reliable *Sewing Machine Man*, and persons wishing to buy a machine, both durable and reliable, will do well to see him or his Agent before buying a counterfeit or inferior machine.

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July 18, 1878.

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PAINTS, OILS & DYE-STUFFS

A SPECIALTY.

November 29, 1877. 12 mos.

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrators on the estate of Israel G. Lash, on the 1st day of May, 1878, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and settlement. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

THOS. B. LASH,
W. A. LASH,
W. A. LEMLY,
} *Administrators of Israel G. Lash.*

May 16, 1878-tf.

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A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, so much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.

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A lot of best twilled SILK PARASOLS and SUN PROTECTORS, SHETLAND WOOL FRINGE, &c., &c.

Mrs. Douthit returns thanks for the very liberal encouragmeent received, and hopes to be able to please her friends and the public, in future.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 25th, 1877

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TRADE MARK — The Remedy of the 19th Century. **Barham's Infallible PILE CURE.** Manufactured by the Barham Pile Cure Co., Durham, N. C. Never fails to cure. Remember, by Piles, when a cure is wanted. Price List and Some Rare Specimens furnished on application

Agriculture.

Renovating Old Pastures.

An agriculturist writes:—The worn-out pastures which abound in some of the older and especially the Southern states have previously been exhausted by severe cropping with grain, tobacco or cotton. The land is cropped until it will no longer pay for cultivation, then turned to grass, and the failure of that marks the smallest possible degree of fertility. Bushes, briars and sedge take the place of valuable grasses, until their decay furnishes material for a revival of fertility.

Such land is, however, richer in plant food than is generally supposed. Cropping rarely exhausts more than one or two elements, and as soon as these give out the land ceases to produce and arrests the precess. Nine times out of ten phosphate of lime is the lacking ingredient. With this, good crops may again be produced, and if a suitable rotation, including clover, is adopted, fertility will be indefinitely maintained. It is only thus that we can account for the wonderful results of improved farming on some of the so-called "worn-out" lands of the Southern states. If the soil were really deficent in plant food, it could not be so easily restored to fertility.

Undoubtedly, after cropping ceases, the decomposition of plant food continues, so that after a few years of "resting" fields once fertile may again be brought under cultivation for one or two crops. In the old settled parts of the south this process has usually been repeated once or twice before the land has been given over to scrubby trees and bushes. To bring such land up requires greater outlay than where only the first or original fertility has been exhausted.

Many northern pastures are gradually failing because milk, cheese and wool, all rich in phosphates, have been sold from the farm. There is a difference in the manure from a milch cow and that from a fattening cow. The fattening animal takes mainly the carbon and albuminoids needed to form fat and lean meat. A cow giving milk, or a growing young animal, abstracts from the food the phosphates to form milk and bone, and the result is a deficiency of this element in the manure. Selling butter does not have this effect if the buttermilk is fed on the farm and the manure saved. Excepting the oil, the buttermilk contains the strength-giving and flesh-forming elements of the whole milk; but the whey from curd is of little value for feed, neither does it make valuable manure.

The discovery of phosphate rock in the south is of immense importance to its agricultural future. Of course its first use will be on cotton or other cultivated crops; but with improved farming, more attention will be given to renovating old and worn out pastures, and when this is attempted, phosphate in some form will be found the most essential element.

Diseased Fruit Trees.

Mr. Hoopes, President of the Pennsylvania Fruit Grower's Association, boldly asserts that the disease of fruit trees are, in nine cases out of ten, the results of causes which have their origin in carelessness or ignorance. Deep planting is one error—to plant a tree rather shallower than it formerly stood is really the right way, whilst many plant a tree as they would a post. Roots are of two kinds—the young and tender rootlets, composed entirely of cells, the feeders of the tree, always found near the surface getting air and moisture; and roots of over one year old, which serve only as supporters of the tree and as conductors of its food. Hence the injury that ensues when the delicate rootlets are so deeply buried in earth. Placing fresh or green manure in contact with the young roots is, he tells us, another great error. The place to put manure is on the surface, where the elements disintegrate, dissolve and carry it downwards. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the application of such manures directly to the roots, and they immediately attack the tree. It is very well to enrich the soil at transplanting the tree, but the manure, if it be in contact with, or very near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.

Grass Seed for Mowing Lands.

In reply to a correspondent who asks how much seed must be sown in seeding an acre of stubble with June and orchard grass mixed, for mowing and not for pasture, the *New England Farmer* says: "For land that is in good condition, we should sow two bushels of orchard grass and one bushel of June grass to the acre, and it would be well to sow on clover, also, in the spring, if there is a prospect that it would germinate, as all these grasses mature nearly at the same season. Orchard grass should be sown as early in autumn as possible, as it is a little tender the first winter, if very young when the ground freezes. The June grass will not make much show the first year, but will hold out, probably, longer than the orchard grass. Both will pay well for annual top-dressing of stable or commercial manures, and each will produce two or three heavy crops per year, if the land is both moist and fertile on which it grows. Orchard grass should not be covered by water or ice, in the winter, but should be grown upon moist, drained land. Then it will give satisfaction.

Transplanting Experience.

A farmer writes:—Plants should be placed in a hole filled with water, and the roots covered with dry dirt. They will not wilt when set in this way. Dig the holes first, and carry the water along in a pail and pour it in, setting the plant as soon as possible. The water at the roots will keep the plant fresh and green, and the dry dirt around it at the surface will keep the moisture from evaporating. We set a lot of cabbage plants the other day in the hot sun in this way, and put horse manure around them. Not one died or wilted. Tomato plants grown in hot beds are generally tall, slender things; they should be set in the same way and bent over so that the stalks may be covered up with soil, leaving only the heads out of the ground. This is the layering process, and when thus set they will do much better; new roots will start out from the stalks or stems, and the plants will not be knocked about so much by the winds, or wilt so much.

Hints on Working Butter.

The *Journal of Chemistry* remarks thusly on working butter:—Do not work too much nor too fast. Work slowly until all is thoroughly and evenly absorbed, otherwise the butter will not be of uniform color. Working it too fast will destroy the grain, and the butter becomes salvy and lard-like in its texture. Let it stand or put it away in the tray for twenty-four hours. Then work it enough to remove all the buttermilk or surplus brine, so that the butter may become dry or like a piece of cheese. Mould into rolls, and set these away for twenty-four hours, or until they become hard and firm. The cloth should now be put on, so as to cover one end, while the other is left open for the stamp. The cloth should be cut in pieces of exact size and dipped in brine, and the butter rolled when the cloth is dripping wet. Butter should never come in contact with the bare hand. When in bulk it can be easily handled with a ladle and flat paddle.

Domestic.

TRAINING CHILDREN.—A mother writes:—How many of you think where children learn their first lesson in lying? I will tell you. At home. Do you mothers ever say to your children (as I have heard a great many mothers) "Now if you ain't a good boy the burglars will eat you up; or the rats will bite you," and all such trash? Now that is lying to that child, for you know that it is not the truth, and what is not the truth is certainly a lie. Of course, if you deceive your child it will soon learn to practice deception to cover its faults. You cannot be too careful what you say to your children. Their little eyes and ears are open. If you want a child to do anything ask it kindly, and don't frighten it into obedience, then if the child won't obey, use the rod, or spoil the child. Better to spoil the child than to tell it that some dreadful thing will happen it if it don't mind. "A lying tongue is an abomination unto the Lord," and yet professing Christians lie to their children in this very way. They don't call it lying, but I do.

A HANGING BASKET.—A lady says;—Take wire from old hoop-skirts, break off a piece the length you want it, put the two ends together, press them to the opposite sides, which leaves a loop at both ends; make as many of those as will go round a hoop the size of your flower pot for the top; at the bottom bring them together to a point, paint it, put one pine cone on the bottom, a row around half way up, where another smaller hoop should go around to keep it from spreading any, another around the top (or any other kind of cones); take moss from the woods off old logs, put one layer around the inside, then put in your pot with the vine in, hang it in the window; it is real pretty, even without painting.

DON'T GRUMBLE—He is a fool that grumbles at mischance. Put the best foot forward; it is an old maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate people for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit: if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look it earnestly in the face and it will turn from you.

MEAT PIE.—Season mutton chops (those from the neck are best) pretty highly with pepper and salt, and place them in dish in layers, with plenty of sliced apples, sweetened, and chopped onions; cover with a good suet crust, and bake. When done, pour out all the gravy at the side, take off the fat, and add a spoonful of mushroom ketchup, then return it to the pie.

PISHPASH.—Wash a breakfast cupful of rice in two or three waters, drain. Get a small knuckle of veal, stew the veal slowly until half done, then add the rice, and an onion, sliced, a blade of mace, a few white pepper-corns, and, if liked, two or three cardamons. Cover close, and cook gently until the rice is done; season with salt to taste; serve very hot.

CURRANT JELLY.—Wash and drain the fruit (on the stems) and boil until the fruit breaks. Press out the juice and allow a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Put the sugar in shallow pans in a warm oven; boil the juice five minutes, then add the hot sugar and boil one minute. Pour into glasses, and when cold, cover with a well fitted paper on the jelly, and another paper pasted over the top of the glass. Do not make your jelly after a rain, the fruit is to wet.

PRESERVING FRUIT.—A new method of preserving fruit is practiced in England. Pears, apples, and other fruits are reduced to a paste, which is then pressed into cakes and gently dried. When required for use, it is only necessary to pour four times their weight of boiling water over them, allow them to soak for twenty minutes, and then add sugar to suit the taste. The fine flavor of the fruits is said to be retained to perfection. The cost of the prepared product is hardly greater than that of the original fruit, differing with the supply and price of the latter; the keeping qualities are excellent, so that it may be had at any time of the year, and bears long sea-voyages without detriment; so there is no waste.

Scientific.

The New Flying Machines.—The Hartford, Conn., papers give long accounts of the trial trips there of the Richtel flying machine. This apparatus consists of a horizontal cylinder 25 feet long and 13 feet in diameter, filled with hydrogen gas. Under the bottom of the cylinder runs a hollow brass rod, to which the car is attached. A horizontal fan is used to raise or lower the machine, and a vertical one to propel it. Both these are worked by the operator. In one of these experiments, the machine not only rose in the air, but moved backward and forward, up and down, at the option of the æronaut, and the evolutions were accomplished without waste of gas in descending, or any use of ballast whatever. The æronaut worked the central propeller of the machine and rose over every obstacle to the height of 100 feet. The breeze was blowing to the eastward, and the exhibitor allowed his machine to be carried with it for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller was set in motion and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still its general drift was to the eastward with the wind, but at a given signal the propelling wheel was started at full speed, and with accelerated rapidity the air-ship sailed along back, at an altitude of 100 feet, until it hovered over the exhibition grounds, whence it started; then the central propeller was set in motion, and under its influence the machine sank slowly and easily to the earth. Another invention, which is occupying the scientific world of Paris, is the Guglielmini steam balloon. If the experiments answer the inventor's hopes this balloon will be one of the wonders of this age of wonders. The invention is based on eight points: 1. Ascension power. 2. Translative horizontal and diagonal power. 3. Safety against accidents. 4. Direction from one point to another given point. 5. The material employed in the construction of ærial steamboats. 6. Perfectly ærial architecture. 7. The disposition of the ascensive power. 8. The manœuvres on board and the degree of temperature of the ærostat. The gas employed is hydrogen, disposed in twelve globes instead of one. Once in the air, the boat, which is oblong like a ship, is moved on by two steam engines placed underneath the keel. Thus it cuts the air like other boats cut the sea. With an engine of fifteen horse-power thirty metres are made in a second. The acting manœuvres consist in passing the excess of hydrogen in the globes into others reserved expressly for the guidance of the boat, and then repassing them into their first globes, according to the descent or ascent which may be required. No trial trip of the new invention has yet been made.

The Microphone in Surgery.—The value of the microphone in operations for stone and other delicate surgical manipulations, has just been shown at the London University College. The apparatus consisted of the usual feeble battery with wires, connected with two telephones running to different parts of the room. The ordinary sound used in operations for crushing the stone was attached by a wire to the circuit of the battery. Near the handle a piece of carbon, such as is used by Professor Hughes, was carefully balanced and attached by a delicate spring to the battery circuit. When the end of the sound strikes against the smallest piece of calculus, the acoustic wave is transmitted along the steel of the instrument to the carbon, where it is transformed into electric vibrations, which are multiplied through the telephone, so that the noise becomes loud and unmistakable. The carbon arrangement on the sound must not be too delicate, nor the battery too strong; but with the microphone properly adjusted, it was easy by trial to detect the presence of even a minute fragment of unremoved calculus. The carbon needed only to be fitted to the probe, also, to detect bullets or fragments of bone. But while it is quite possible for a skillful surgeon to make himself absolutely certain by means of the microphone of what he was previously only morally convinced of, no very remarkable results, at least in ordinary practice, are anticipated from the use of the instrument.

The Telephone.—Prof. Clerk-Maxwell, in the Rede lecture delivered at Cambridge, England, recently, thus alludes to the late improvement of the telephone which overcame the principal limitation to its power: "As long as the human voice is the sole motive power of the apparatus it is manifest that what is heard at one end must be fainter than what is spoken at the other. But if the vibration set up by the voice is used no longer as the source of energy, but merely as the means of modulating the strength of a current produced by a voltaic battery, then there will be no necessary limitation of the intensity of the resulting sound, so that what is whispered to the transmitter may be proclaimed *ore rotunde* by the receiver." This will explain what has been to many so puzzling in the results obtained by the carbon transmitter.

Humorous.

—When married men complain of being in hot water at home, it turns out half the time that it's scold.

—When the women get control they will organize their militia with needle-guns.—*Lowell Courier.*

—The young man who took a seat near the object of his adoration exclaimed, "This is juxtaposition that suits me!"

—A conclusive reply was given to some clever articles in a contemporary, entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" The answer is, "It depends on the liver."

—Ingratitude is strongest in a coroner. You may do him every kindness, and yet you can't tell what moment he will sit on you.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Likes to see the rule laid down—The school-boy, if the rule is an oak one, which has been on visiting acquaintance with a sensitive portion of his person.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

—Next to a cream jug, the favorite resort of a fly is a bed-room where the clothes are not long enough to cover both ends of the sleeper simultaneously.

—"The funeral was elegant," wrote the waiting maid of a lady, whose husband had just been buried, to her sweetheart, "I was dressed in black silk the flowers were lovely, and mistress wept just like a born angel."

—An Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at loss to decide as to which country she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

—A sharp little girl in Chicago got out of patience with her bashful lover's backwardness, and so brought matters to a favorable climax by saying to him, "I really believe you are afraid to ask me to marry you, for you know I would say yes."

—A tramp who will borrow the family bread-knife and stab himself with it on the steps which have just been nicely washed should have public sympathy for the misfortune which led him to the rash act.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—If there is anywhere in this uncertain vale to be found a more piteous example of utter helplessness and wasted effort than an ancient female trying to persuade a family horse into accelerated muscular action, it hasn't been noticed—not up to date.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

—A young girl asked her mother's consent to engage herself to her beau, showing her at the same time a piece of her own handiwork, a pretty match safe. Her mother drew down her spectacles and exclaimed: "Mary, you can make a match safe, but I have my doubts whether you would make a safe match." Mary sighed involuntarily, and sought consolation in singing "The Heart Bowed Down."

BEAUTY AND ART.

A FEW SENSIBLE REMARKS.

The London *Week* truthfully remarks: It has often been said that beauty is a mere question of taste, and the remark is true, although only up to a certain point. In matters relating to art the taste most certainly has to be cultivated. It is only in the privileged few that it reaches the point where exquisite pleasure is produced by gazing upon a cracked Chinese mandarin minus his nose, or on an old oil painting representing some of the saints, elaborately dressed in royal robes studded with innumerable gems, engaged in earnest conversation with very substantial looking angels, ungracefully poised upon clouds on the tops of their heads. It is a most fortunate thing that there are a few men and women endowed with the taste to thoroughly appreciate these magnificent creations of genius. They form a sort of school in which the more ignorant of their species may learn what they should and what they should not admire. The untrained mind of a child shows from what a state of dense ignorance the artistic sense has to be lifted to attain those sublime heights we have mentioned. "It seems," said a little girl of ten to her mother, after looking at some so-called *objets d'art*, "that everything that looks ugly is pretty." This remark plainly shows the advisability of submitting one's ideas of what is pretty to those who have made themselves, or think they have made themselves, capable of judging.

Of course it is very humiliating, after having bought and paid for what you think a very pretty watercolor or *plaque*, to be told by a high-art friend that you money has been thrown away—your watercolor is by an unknown artist, and your *plaque* pretty, perhaps, but modern. You feel ashamed of your ignorance and secretly resolve never to buy another ornament, or express an opinion on the subject. And yet you cannot help thinking that nobody ever remarked that your taste was bad either in dress, equipage or amusements; and why should you not have enough natural taste to judge whether a picture is well drawn and colored, even if it is by an unknown artist, and a plate pleasing to the eye, though not of old Nankin? If these sticklers for art would acknowledge frankly that they have formed a school, and that successfully, in which a fictitious value has been placed upon certain antique articles, whether handsome or ugly, and that as long as the value lasts it is the best policy to invest one's money in these articles, their remarks would be reasonable; but to tell people born amid refined surroundings, though never having possessed a blue and white plate, that an ornament he or she has chosen is ugly in itself because it is not old, and that a picture is in bad taste because the artist is not an R. A., is an affectation bordering on the ridiculous.

PEEPS AT THE PLANETS.

Neptune, the most remote of the planets in the solar system, is about 2,700,000,000 miles from the sun.

It is supposed that Mercury has mountains higher than our Himalayas, and volcanoes in a state of activity.

Out of all the myriad lights in the heavens, the earth is only visible to the Moon, Mars, Mercury, and Venus.

The earth is 749 times smaller than Saturn, and its mean distance from us is over 91,000,000 miles.

Uranus can never see us at all, as it is 1,753,000,000 miles from the sun.

The temperature in Mercury is supposed to be seven times hotter than our torrid zone; therefore if it is inhabited it must be by people very differently constituted from ourselves.

It is believed that Venus has an atmosphere much like ours, and mountain peaks five or six times higher than the Teneriffe, their sides bright with flowers, and birds of brilliant plumage.

The moon never leaves our globe; therefore it is called our satellite. Though to us it appears larger than the stars, it is really smaller than any of them, but much nearer to us.

Astronomers have calculated that the mountains and extinct volcanoes in the moon are higher than any on our earth.

If there were any one on the moon to see it, the earth would appear to them a magnificent ball. The planets and sun would move behind it in brilliant succession.

Our globe appears to Mars as the morning and evening star.

WEIGHTY BRIDES.

Throughout the Empire of Morocco there are villages where the elder members of the adult population follow professionally the pursuit of fattening young ladies for the matrimonial market of Barbary.

The Moors, like the Turks and most other Orientals, give a decided preference to "moonfaced" wives over lean ones, and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their brides weigh than about the stock of accomplishments which they possess. A girl is put under the process of fattening when she is about twelve years of age. Her hands are tied behind her, and she is seated on a carpet during so many hours every day, while her "papa" stands over her with a *matraque*, or big stick, and her mother at times pops into her mouth a ball of *couscoussou*, or stiff maize porridge, kneaded up with grease, and just large enough to be swallowed without the patient choking. If the unfortunate girl declines to be crammed, she is compelled; so that ere long the poor girl resigns herself to the torture, and gulps down the boluses lest she should be beaten.

—The humorist of the *Atlanta Constitution* says that Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth, who goes to school at the Atlanta Colored University:

"Look hyar, boy! you goes to school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gettin' eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"Why, no," exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring that hatchit back in an hour, warn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two days since yer borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick skulled niggers when yer go to a school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hatchit?"

The boy got mad, and slung the hatchit over the fence.

BUYING WOOD.

HOW IT IS ACCOMPLISHED IN PARIS—AMUSING EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

The following is taken from the diary of the Paris correspondent of the New York *Graphic:* Have been buying wood. They sell it here by the pound, like coal. Wood shops always have imitation wood piles painted on their fronts. Shopkeepers in the working quarters seldom put out their names on a sign. It is all "grocery," "wash house," "wood shop," "commerce de vins," "tobacco shop," "beef and bouillon shop," "butter, eggs and cheese," "fried fish and potatoes," "fruiterie," and "restaurant," and the restaurant here is about the last place where you can get something substantial to eat. They will give you wine, or coffee and brandy, or beer, at a shop labelled "restaurant," but ask for a beefsteak, and they point next door. However, you can generally find it next door, only in some cases, if it happens to be a soup factory, of which Paris is full, they may not keep coffee. It is the most peculiar and uncertain city to get a meal in I ever visited or imagined could exist. You go to a house labelled "hotel," and there are hundreds, and you find no bar, no landlord, no rooms to let by the night, no meals or table of any kind, no customers but people who hire their rooms by the month and possibly cook in them. We've turned "hotels" and restaurants into something quite different from the article as found where it was first manufactured. Now as to wood. A Paris wood shop beats the Exposition. It is generally kept by a woman, and the woman is generally washing. As they keep a great deal of charcoal with the wood the woman is generally black, and if the man of the house happens to be about the premises he will be blacker. I have also always found a baby playing about the floor, which is blackest. I pause a moment to say that here in France men and their wives pull together better in doing business than in America.

To return to wood buying. I had no idea how wood was sold in France. I had no French words available in which to ask for wood. I went into the wood shop and stupidly showed three francs. The woman comprehended me; she was washing. I was impressed by the enormous cake of soap she used. In Paris you can by an enormous cake of soft soap for seven cents. I use the term "soft" advisedly. It is genuine, old-fashioned soft soap, smelling of lye and manufactured from wood ashes, such as our Continental grandmothers used to make once a year. I said to the wood woman as well as I could say in French, "I would have some wood." It's a complicated process speaking a sentence in the first person, singular number, potential mood, and whatever tense our numerous American grammarians choose to put it in, to a foreign French woman. She commenced piling sundry short logs on a pair of scales. A light dawned upon me. They sell their wood as they do their coal, by weight, which is the proper way to sell wood. But the logs were too large for my fireplace. I must make known this imperfection. I said, "Trop, grand trop. Oh! well, too big, madame!" Then I tried to swell up and look puffed out, more clearly to illustrate my meaning. The language of metaphor is supposed to pass current the world over. At all events, it was in the wood shop. She smiled. I don't wonder she smiled. I know I must have swelled ridiculously. But she understood me. She seized an axe. Momentarily, I thought she intended to split my head open. For while you are learning and practicing a foreign langurge you are liable to say all sorts of dreadful things to people when you imagine you are saying something else. But the woman with the axe meant to reduce, not my size, but that of the logs. Such an axe! A Yankee woodcutter would make a museum of it. It was miner's pick one end and axe the other. It did not seem good of its kind. But the wood saleswoman was. She was young, healthy, white-capped and red-cheeked, where not temporarily charcoal. The wood weighing finished, she stood a big log on end. I wondered what she was going to do. She took up the axe. I looked around for a hole to dodge out of in case of attack. She divided the log with a blow, and subdivided the pieces with more. In three minutes the entire load was split to the requisite size. When I say "load of wood" I mean a man's load. A horse load will last a French family a year. The "load" split, the man appeared from some secret recess. He was there all the while. She harnessed him. She put a sort of saddle on his back, having a frame projection at the lower end. On this was piled the wood. After which he followed me without any driving to my lodging, where this faithful Gallic masculine beast toiled up six flights of stairs, and piled the wood in a corner. Total expense, 70 cents.

A WORD TO BOYS.

What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing, and I ask you again if you want to be one of them. No! Of course you do not.

—"Minerva" sends us a poem in which the following lines occur: I am sad and sick and weary. My life is ebbing away." Instead of sending the poem to us, she should have sent for a physician. Her liver needs repairing. All of our lives are ebbing away, but there is not a particle of use of getting sad and sick and weary about it—especially at this season of the year, when there is such a numerousness of strawberries, and picnics, and ice cream, and excursions, and other refreshments. —*Nor. Her.*

—On the death of Lord Kennet, in 1786, Sir William Nairne was raised to the bench under the title of Lord Dunsinnan—a circumstance which called forth a *bon mot* from the Duchess of Gordon. Her grace, happening to meet his lordship shortly after his elevation, inquired what title he had assumed. "Dunsinnan," was, of course, the reply. "I am astonished at that, my lord," said the duchess, "for I never knew that you had begun sinning."

—The following may be seen on a tombstone in a town near Dublin:—

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found."

—On the Campus Martius a man yesterday shouted from sunrise till dark:

About three o'clock he was approached by a young man with carpet-sack in hand, and he ceased his yelling in response to a gesture.

"I was passing this place at eleven o'clock this forenoon," began the stranger, "and you asked me if I would have a dozen lemons. I was with my mother, who is in feeble health, and I could not stop. In fact, I didn't even reply to your kind inquiry. I have now returned to—

"To buy a dozen—here they are sir!"

"No, sir, not to buy lemons, for they don't act good on my liver, but to say to you that I won't take any. You asked me a civil question and common courtesy required me to return a civil answer. I have walked four miles to be courteous and civil, and to say to you, 'No, thank you, sir, I won't take any—not to-day!'"

He was gone before anything could be said to make him unhappy.—*Hawk-eye.*

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